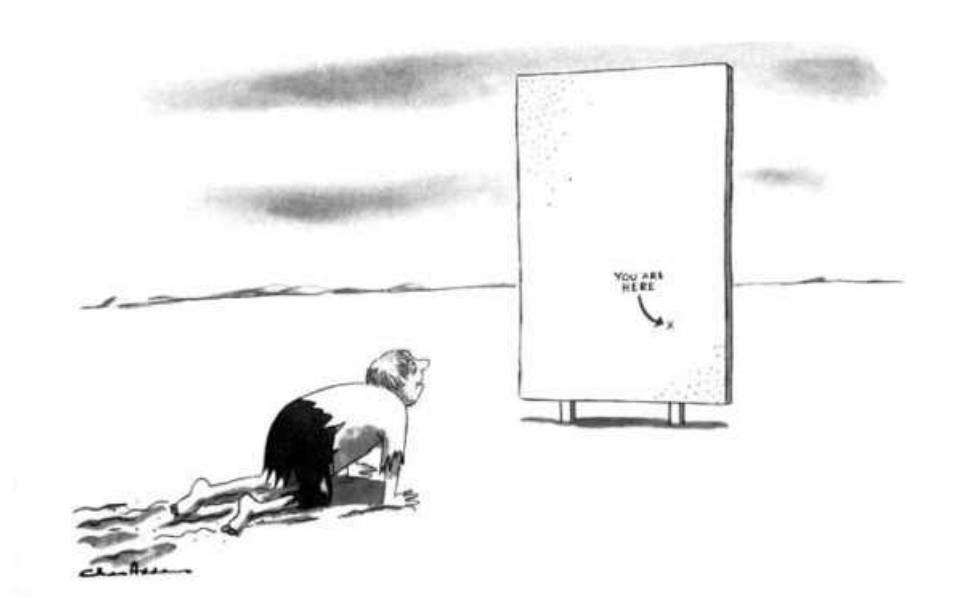




“No, that was two corned beef on rye, a cheeseburger, two coffee regular, one black, and a prune Danish.”





*"I want to apologize. When you told me Agnew
would step down, when you told me Gerald Ford
would succeed him, when you . . ."*



"I never promised you a rose garden."





*"Ninety per cent of all the scientists who ever lived are alive today,
and twenty per cent of them are out of work."*



"Light on the id, heavy on the super-ego."





"I'm afraid a raise is quite out of the question, Hopkins, but perhaps one of our lawyers can suggest some tax loopholes for you."



“What do you say we just skip all those ‘year-in-review’ specials this time around?”



“Today, I’m not going to talk about my goddam mother. I’m going to talk about my goddam insurance company.”



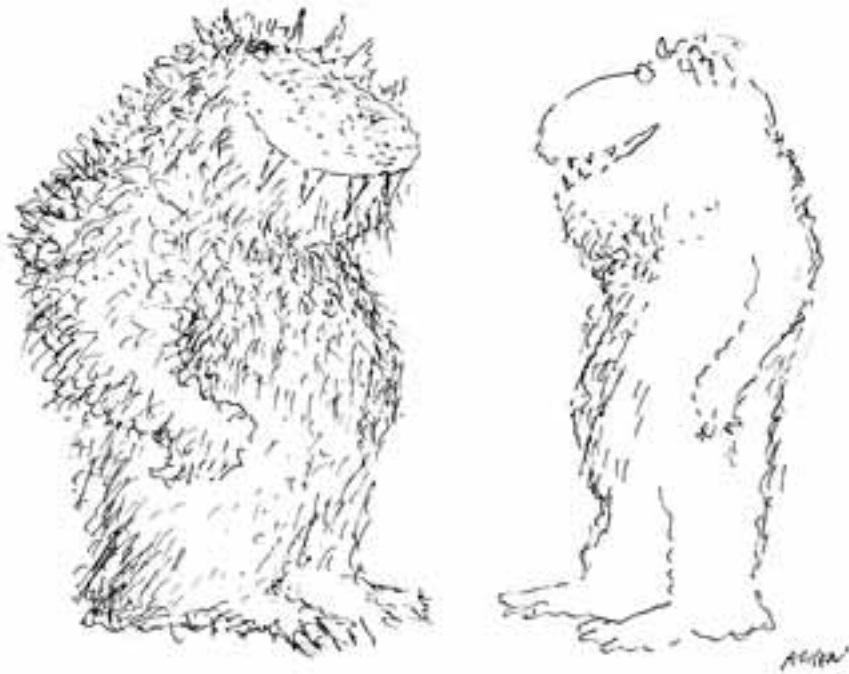
*“Come on, Warren! Aren’t you just a tiny bit
excited about the New Austerity?”*



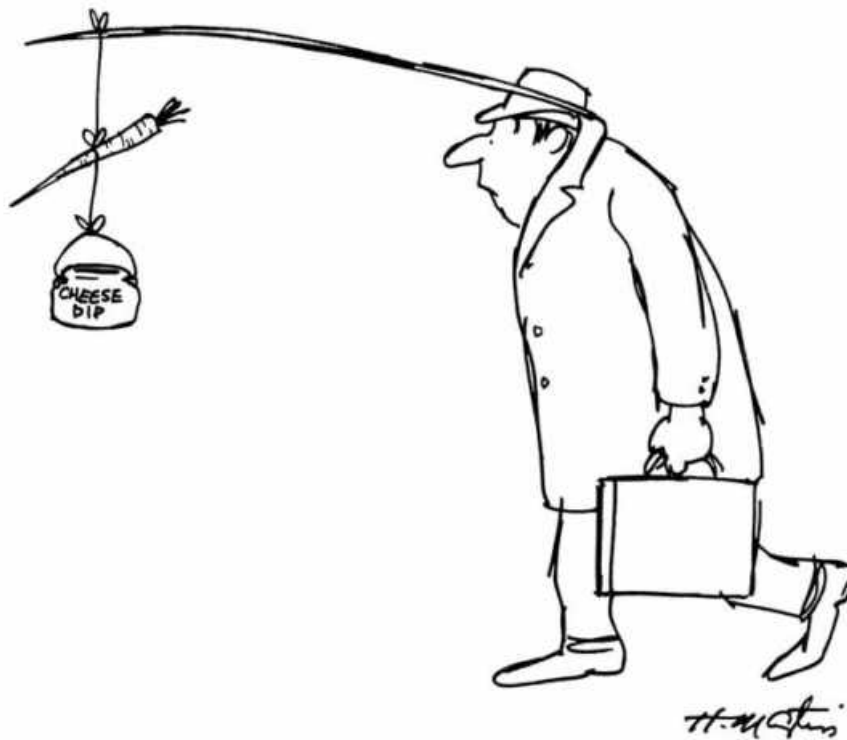




“And the bulk of my estate—my Venezuelan oil holdings, my Malayan rubber plantation, my supermarket chain, my steel mill, and my New York City real estate—I bequeath to the meek.”



“You look disgustingly healthy.”





"That's the Stone Age for you."



“Oh, for goodness’ sake! Would the Miami Dolphins get that upset if you lost out on a business deal?”



"I'd just like to know what in hell is happening, that's all! I'd like to know what in hell is happening! Do you know what in hell is happening?"





*“Of course, when Lynn and I signed the lease on the penthouse,
we had no idea about the comet.”*



"The blahs are here."



*“You have reached Gordo the Great—king
of all recorded Messages.”*



"As far as Im concerned, Beame has plenty of charisma!"



"How I envy you, Tompkins, with that great big wonderful world out there waiting for you to retire into!"

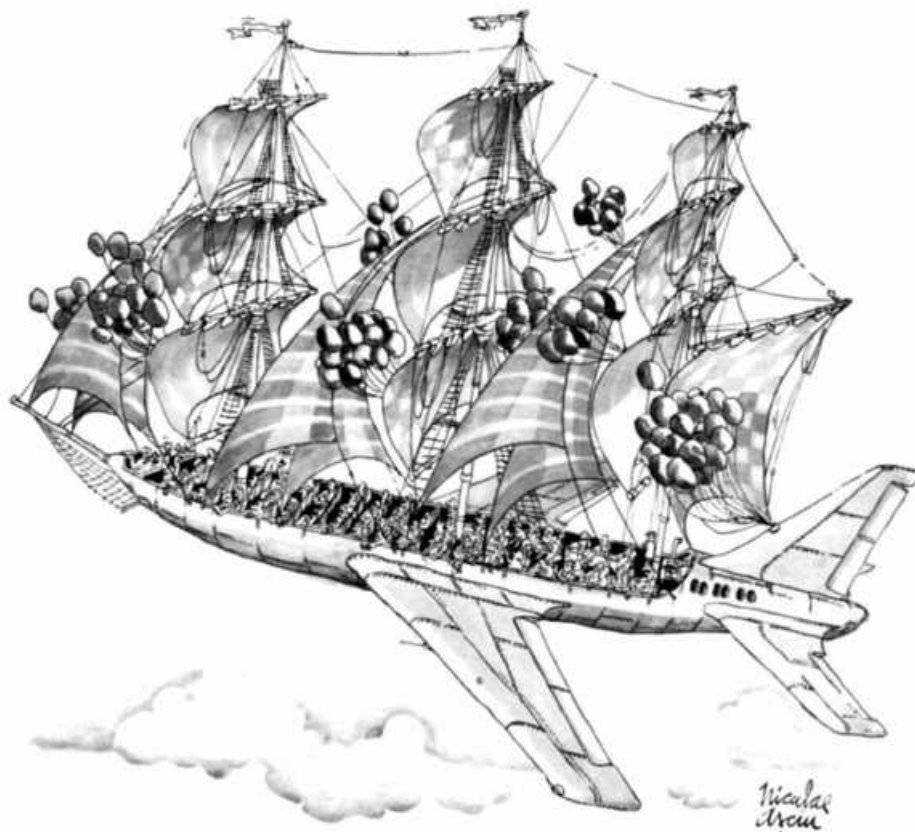


"Well, I guess it was bound to happen."





"I wouldn't worry, Mr. Davis. A lot of men get depressed after Super Bowl."





“Try as I may, I keep blowing the pronunciation of ‘prurient.’”



*“Otiose? Plangent? Brobdingnagian? No wonder
your wife doesn’t understand you!”*



"You know what I miss? I miss Gabriel Heatter and his 'Ah, there's good news tonight!'"



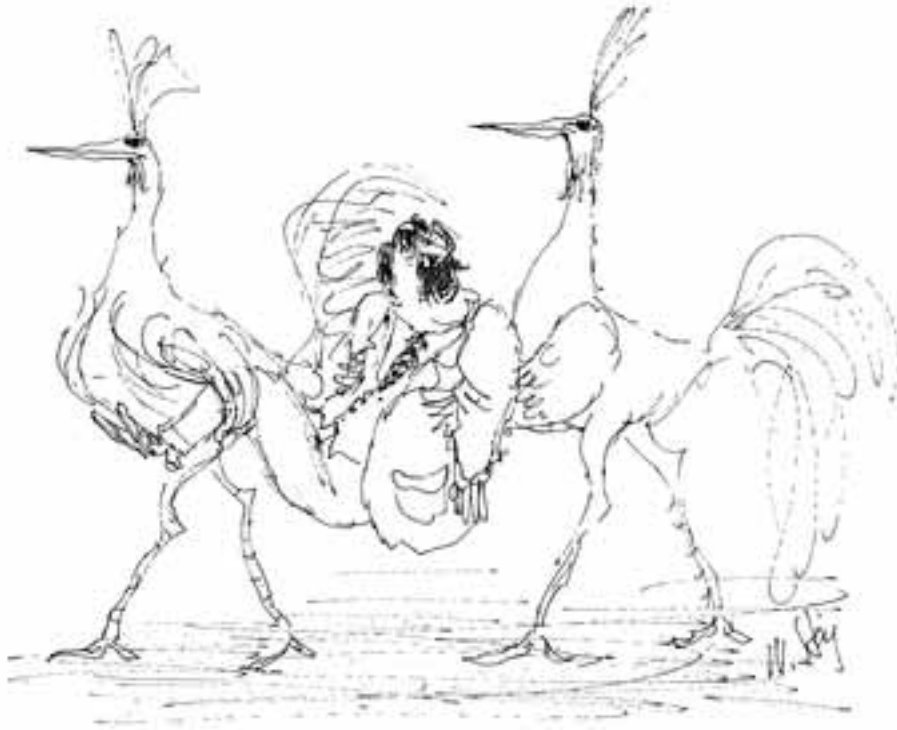
"That statement is absurd."



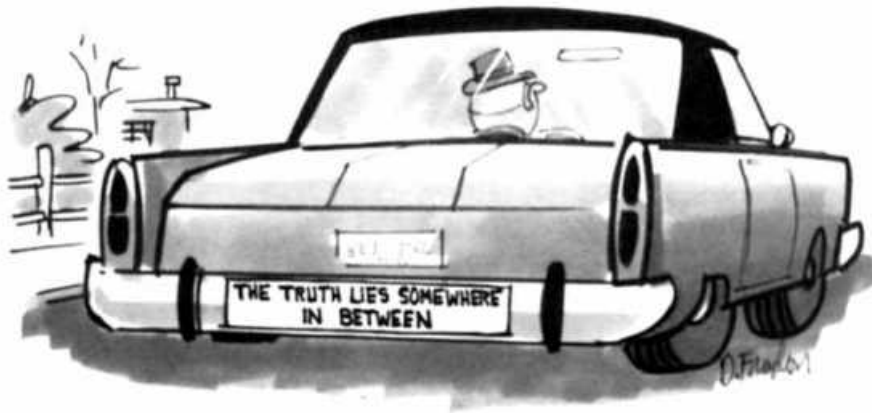
“Remember the good old days, when all we had to worry about was a dollar-sixty-a-pound sirloin?”



“And so, in the sunset of my life, I am resigning the Party chairmanship, the Premiership, and the Presidency. God bless you all. I will, of course, continue as Head of State.”

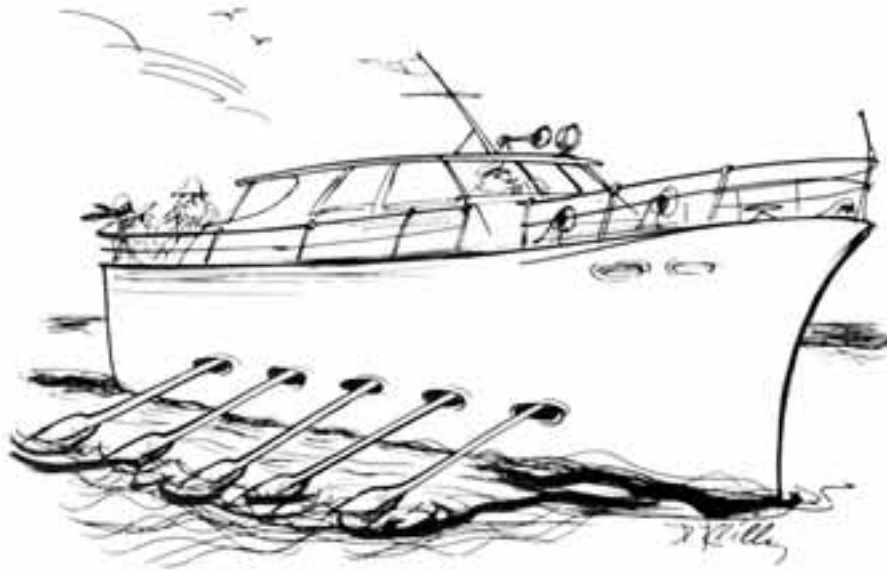


“Is this some kind of a gag?”





“But people do like you, Herbie. My roommate likes you, my mother likes you, my therapist likes you. It’s me. I don’t like you.”





“Remember, this morning, when I said things could be a lot worse? They’re a lot worse.”





*“Our recommendation, then, is that these plans be shelved till
the post-Watergate morality blows over.”*





“Tell me, Edgar, did you, at any of those times you went out for a loaf of bread, ever toy with the idea of never coming back?”



“Ever since his posthumous reputation began growing, he’s been impossible.”







“What I’m looking for, basically, is someone who can make me laugh. Within the bounds of good taste, of course.”





“Where will you be on the evening of September 3, 1974?”





“When they recommend serving it at room temperature, they’re referring, of course, to the rooms of yesteryear.”



"Steady as she goes, Higby."





"Sit up straight!"



"I guess we should count our blessings."



*“Lord! Before you know it, you’re too old
to be the youngest anything.”*



“Since we’re splitting the bill, why don’t you have something really good?”



*“Call you later, Jane. The Boogie-Woogie Bugle Boy
of Company B is back from lunch.”*



“Harlan, some booze for Dr. Bassett.”





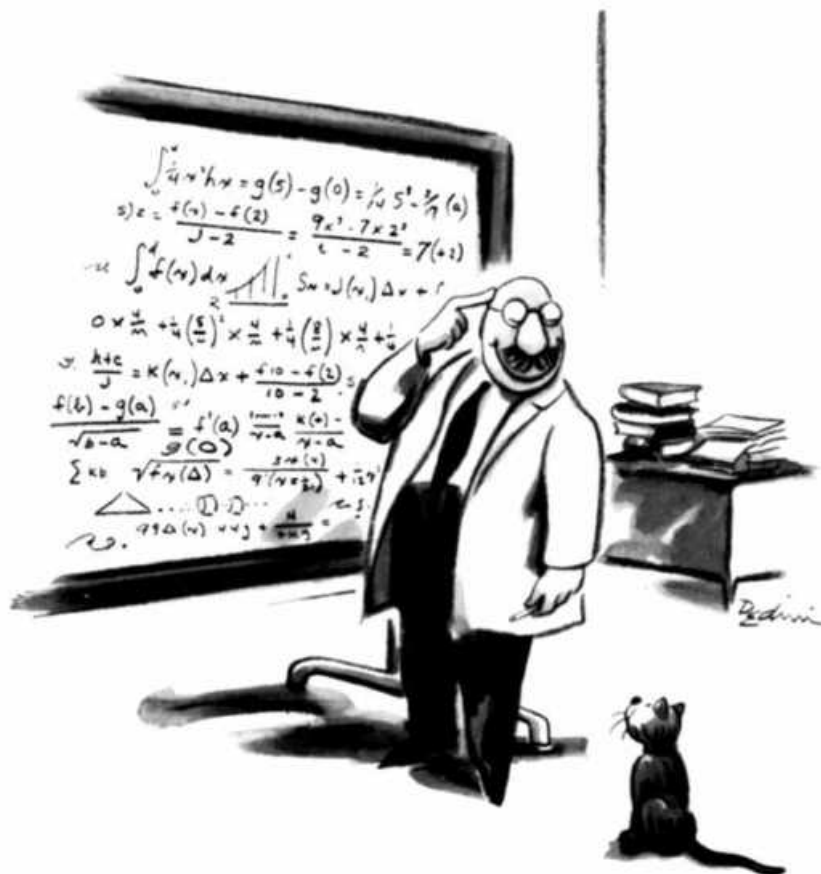
“It says, ‘You have permanently lost your picture—the Cat Burglar.’”



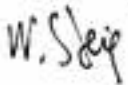
"How do you do? I'm the genie's agent."



*“Oh, that’s just plain Arthur Belknap. He’s
the captain of his soul.”*







William Steig (1/28/1974)



"Dear Diary: It was a perfectly beautiful day today. Not a cloud in an azure-blue sky, and all major appliances were operative."



"That Japanese consortium is on the phone. They want to know if we'd like to buy some of it back."



“Alison, will you be my first wife?”



*“We’ve tried sun, surf, and sand. Do you have anything
in the way of darkness, dankness, and despair?”*



"I'm still reading it. When I'm finished, then you can recycle it."



“Well, let’s toss it out the window and see if it flies.”





"Eureka—elbow grease!"



“With all this coping, it’s hard to believe there’s ever going to be any more fun.”



*"I'm afraid, gentlemen, that what this industry needs
is a—how shall I put it?—czar."*



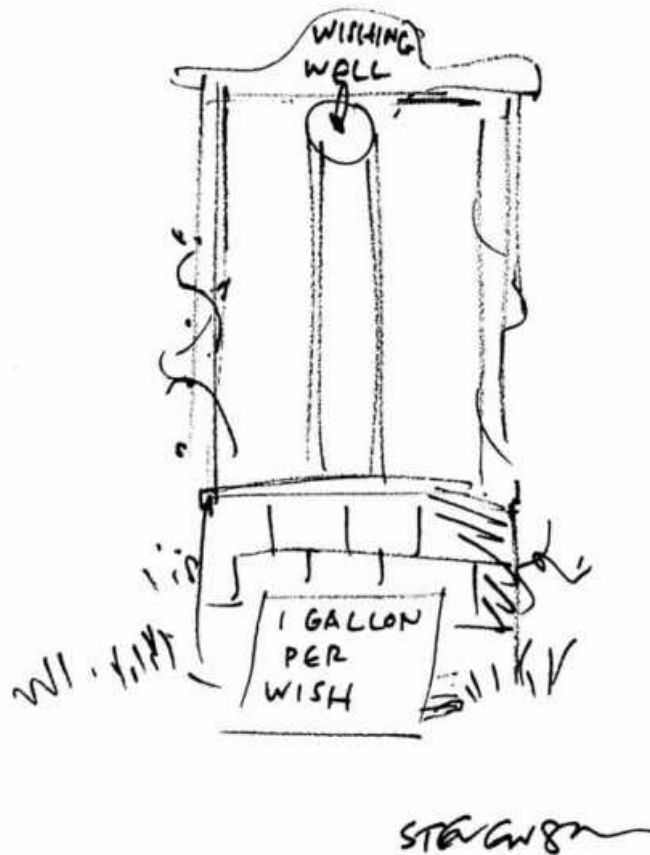




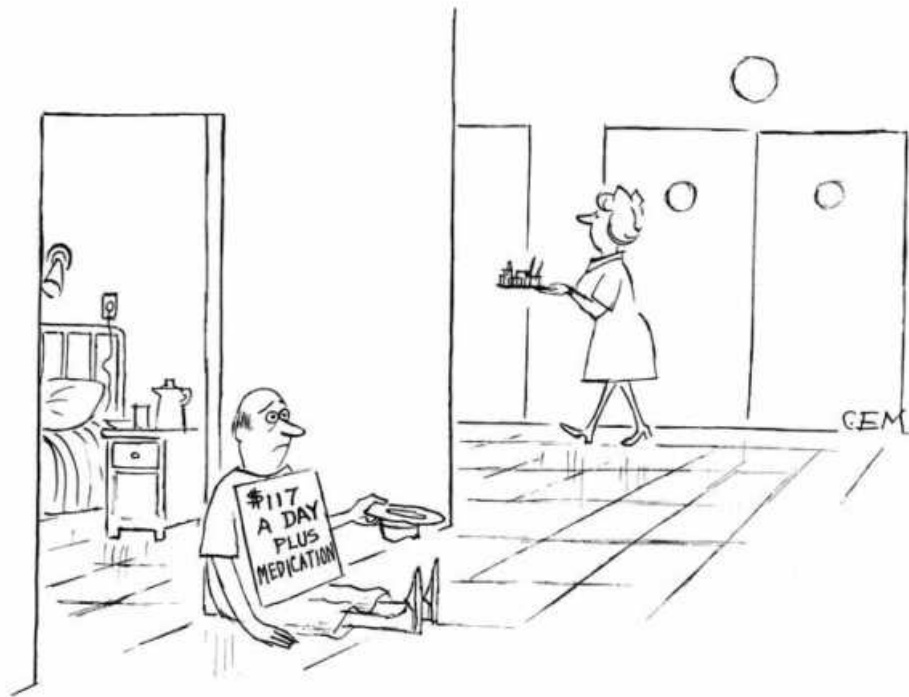
*"That one's one hundred bucks with the curse exorcised,
or seventy-five as is."*



"Sometimes I think there are too many good things on Channel 13."









Edward Frascino (2/11/1974)

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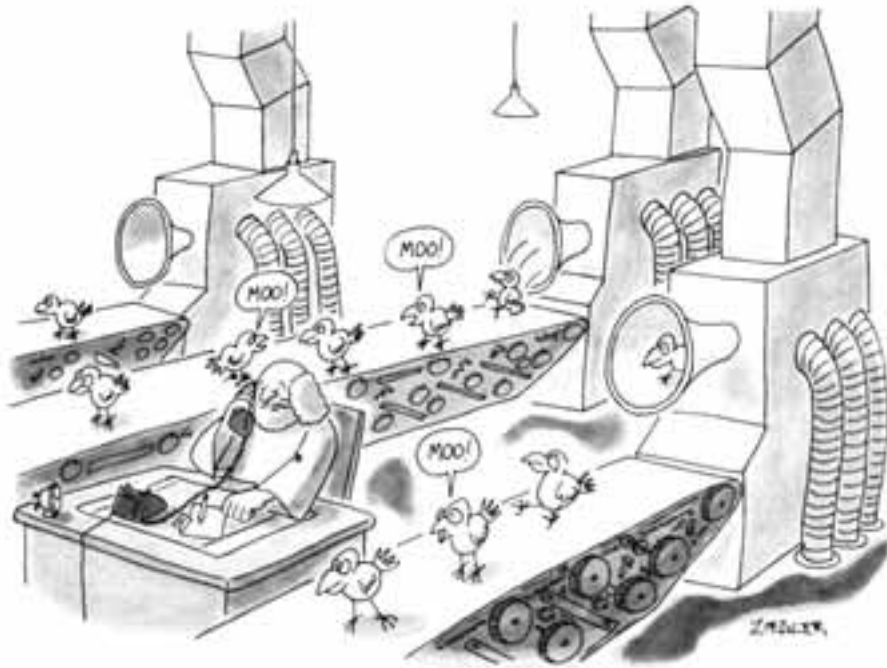


"It's Julia Child's cutlets with Galloping Gourmet sauce."

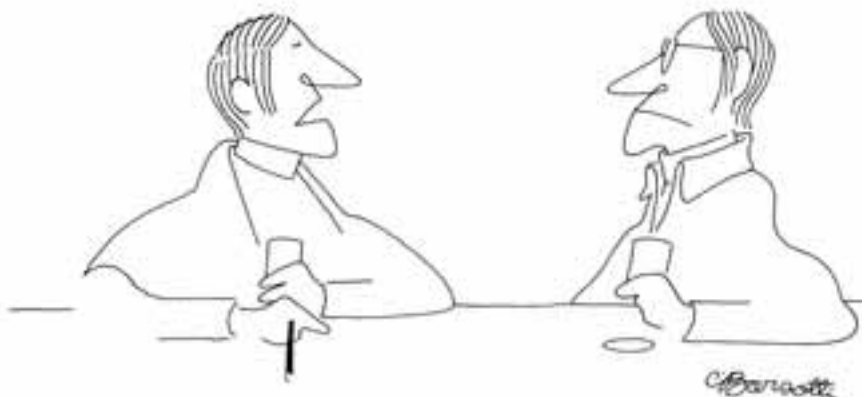




"And what sector of the economy are you folks from?"



“Hello? Beasts of the Field? This is Lou, over in Birds of the Air. Anything funny going on at your end?”



*“Hamill and Royko are right up there, all right, but
for my money Breslin is still the master.”*





“By George, if there were a further right, I’d damn well veer to it.”



*“William E. Simon says you cannot continue
to live your wastrel ways.”*



"No fault, my foot! It's your fault!"



"You are charged with getting caught stealing."



*“Do you ever get the feeling you may
have had a previous life style?”*





"I'll tell you what I see in the dancing flames. I see logs that cost ninety-five dollars a cord, that's what I see."







*"Maybe the trouble with my poetry is that there are few,
if any, moors and fens in the East Village."*



"Turn that sound back on!"





"I loved and lost, and married Ed."



"Sir, this is your official car."



*"I understand yours was the first Fu Manchu
at the Morgan Guaranty Trust."*



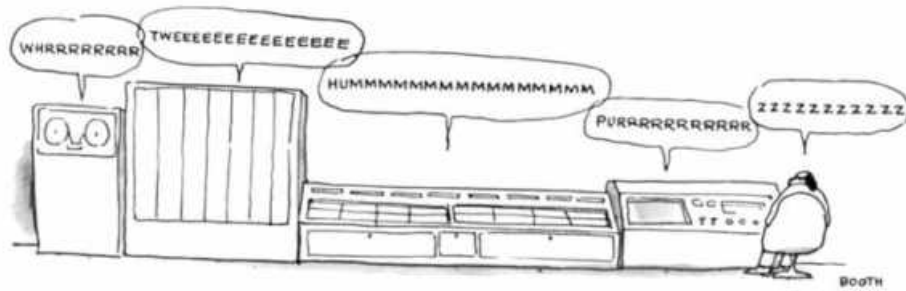
*"Brooks Brothers? Arthur T. Sturgis here.
I believe a mistake has been made."*



"According to my figures, we could retire right now on an annual income of forty-eight dollars and fifty cents."



“By George, Harkins, you’ve got integrity! And I don’t mean post-Watergate integrity, either.”





"Well, it looks like your 'good old days' are finally back."



"But enough about Abe Beame."



“Everybody laughed except that lousy melancholy Dane.”



"From this day forward, we will do our very best to do unto Pussy as we would have Pussy do unto us."



"The A. & P.'s having a special on ground round. Pass it on."





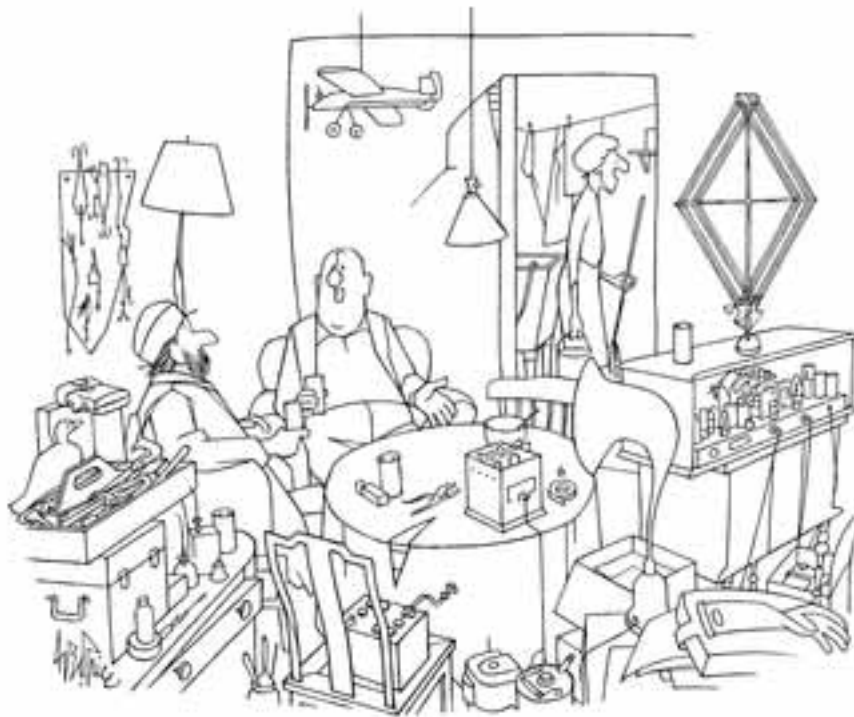
"Oh-oh! Here comes Rockefeller's Commission on Critical Choices for America."





“In the larger sense, aren’t we all mad?”





“She gave me a come-hither look, I went thither, and the rest is history.”



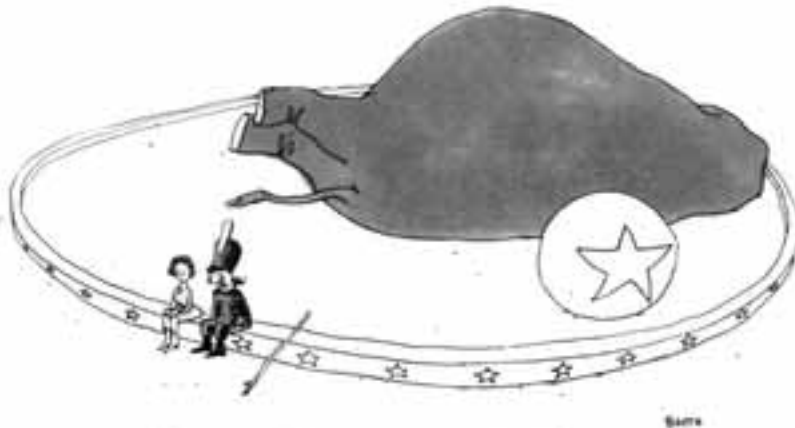
*"I hope that's going to be one of your
constructive suggestions, Farnwell."*



*“Personally, I’m sick of running up brownie points. How
can I get my hands on some real cash?”*



*“Now, Phil, about Hugh’s summer camp. Do we want tennis,
French, horsemanship, or survival?”*



*"It seems some days like I make a little progress, then other days
it seems like I'm not getting anywhere at all."*



*“Well, we don’t seem to be running out of grumpiness,
crankiness, or general irascibility.”*



“As Adam Smith so aptly put it . . .”





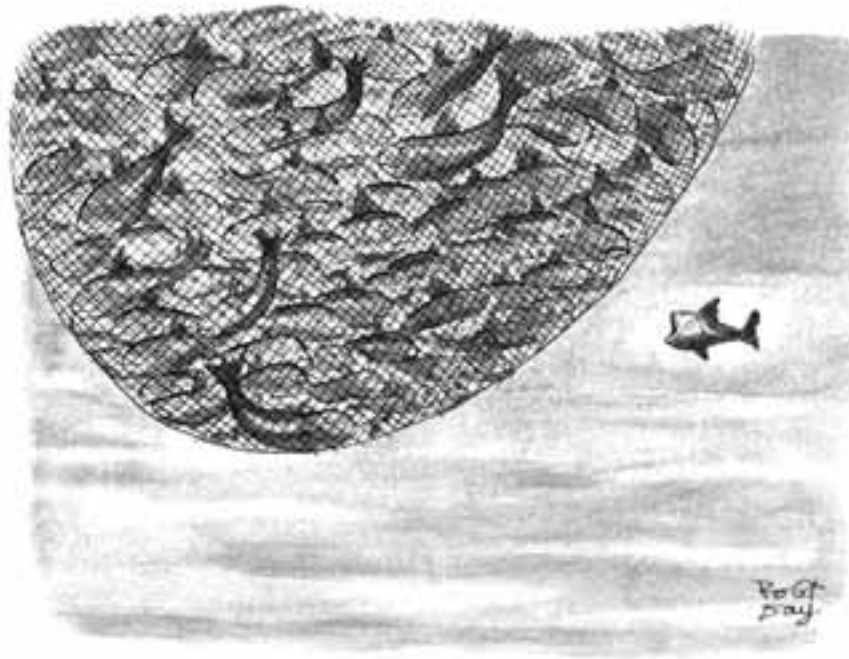


*"I'm afraid he can't come to the phone right now. He's
eyeball to eyeball with William Simon."*





"Should I still be getting these twinges of bursitis?"



“How come, you guys? We’re supposed to be brain food.”



*“Well, as long as I’m your mother and as long as it says
Parental Guidance you’re not going to see it.”*





"My name is William Potter Francis Paul Xavier Sedgwick, and I want to change it to Robert Lawrence Monroe Peter Harding Clark."





"But this is my livelihood!"



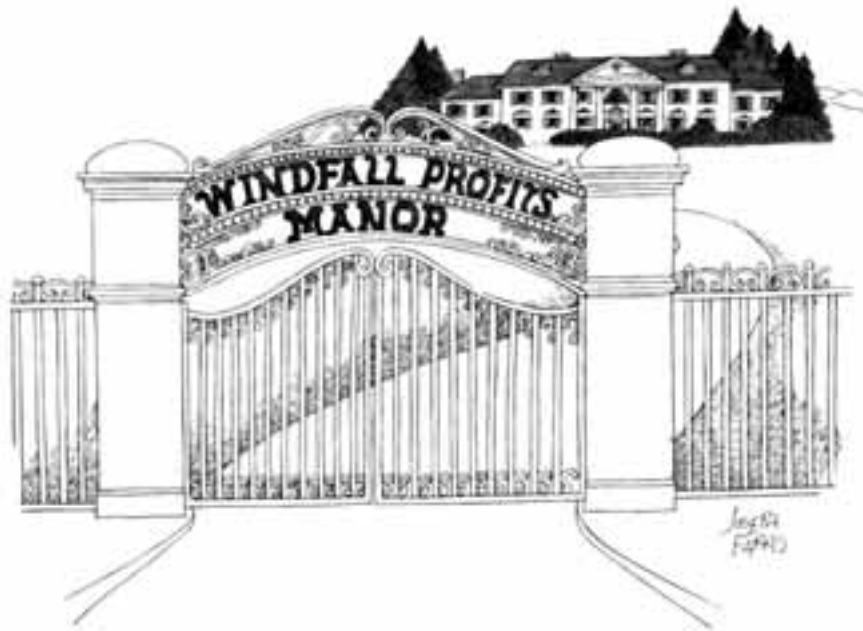
“Hold it! For all we know, he may be making a citizen’s arrest.”



"Damn it all! We're out of gas!"



"I was about to sound a conciliatory note."





*“Sure, Nader deserves to get here, but I’ll bet he’ll be
a pain in the neck when he does.”*



"Take it from me, Harlow, things are going to get a lot worse before they get better."



“Good God, Harry! This tree seems to be made of tightly rolled paper!”



“Confucius say—erroneously, of course . . .”



"I'll be up in a minute, hon. I'm topping off my tank with Jim Jensen."



"Sure you're a loser. But you're a darn good loser."



“Charisse, are we too sophisticated to order some Girl Scout cookies?”





"Nolo contendere."







*“For heaven’s sake, Amanda, at least be honest with yourself.
I was into bluegrass back when you were still on Vivaldi.”*



"You have a very, very stubborn case."

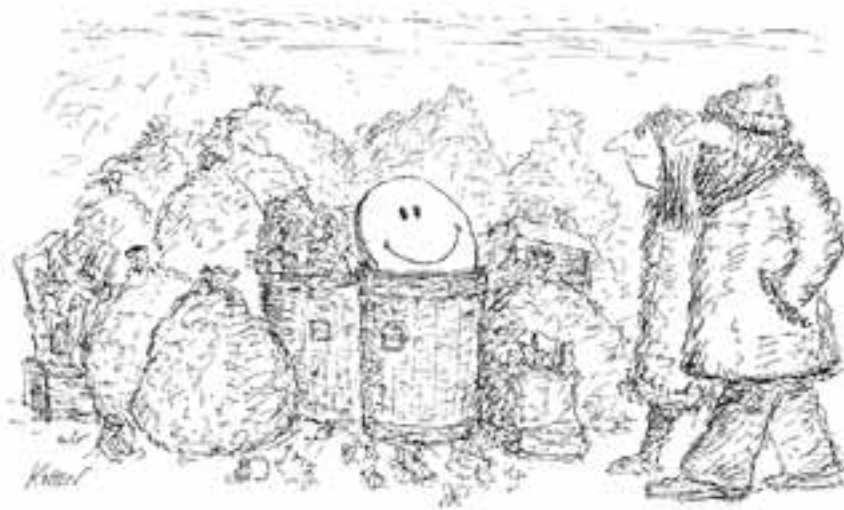




*“Of course I’m flattered that your game plan for ’74 includes me, Roger,
but I’m afraid my priorities lie elsewhere.”*



“Also, we come to socialize—not to tie one on.”







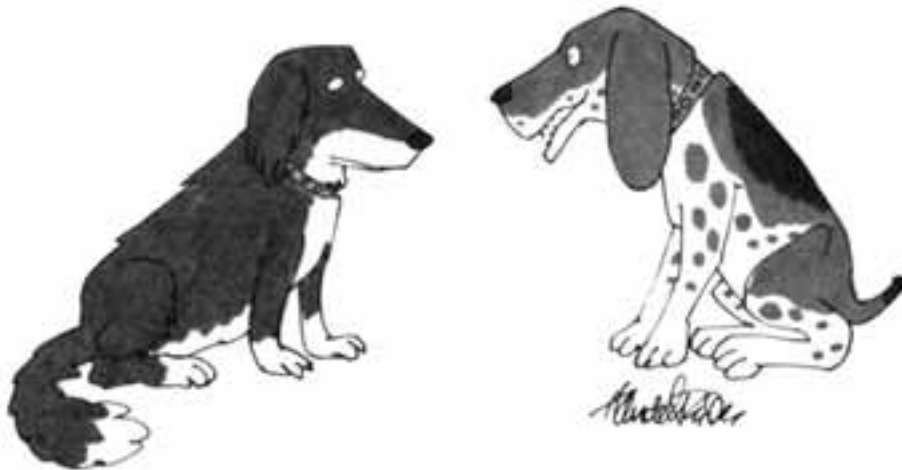
"If you ask me, he's funny cuckoo without being funny ha-ha."



“And now, folks, we proudly present Wally Sherman, the originator of the singing commercial. O.K., Wally, belt ’em out!”



“Your opinions are every bit as salty as his, dear, but Truman was, after all, the President, while you’re more or less just a crank.”



“My eldest, Jeremy, is in advertising, Paul is making films, and the twins, David and Donna, play with a rock band.”



“Put me down as ‘Don’t know and don’t want to know.’”





"I had no idea you were a living composer."

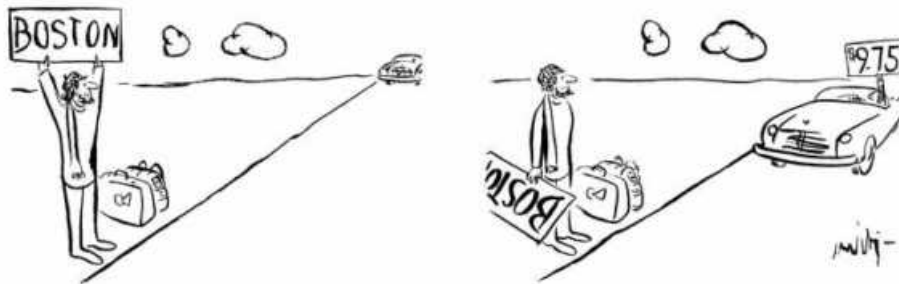


"Hey, what goes on? Just a minute ago you told me you were all out of the Chef's Special!"



"How would you like a household injury?"







"You didn't kiss me, Howard."



“Good morning. May I have a nice day, please?”



“If the coach and horses and the footmen and the beautiful clothes all turned back into pumpkin and the mice and the rags, then how come the glass slipper didn’t turn back, too?”



“Hey! Come back here with my lazy Susan!”





“Oh, stop brooding. Nobody’s really all-beef.”



“And we believe, further, that a solid claim can be made for the validity of our grievance on curatorial pay, as well as for the issue of inaccessibility of trustees to staff.”



*"We parlayed a twenty-seven-year trial marriage into
six years of wedded bliss."*



"That's Howard's ivory tower."



"Be of good cheer. Havana cigars are in the offing!"



"In rebuttal, may I quote from the Shell Oil Company advertisement that appeared in the New York 'Times' on Tuesday, February 19, 1974."



*"Hail, Caesar! The barbarians have been beaten back,
and Rome is still Numero Uno."*



"They have a bigger apartment, but I think we're bigger people."



"I do love you, Larry. It's just that we look silly together."



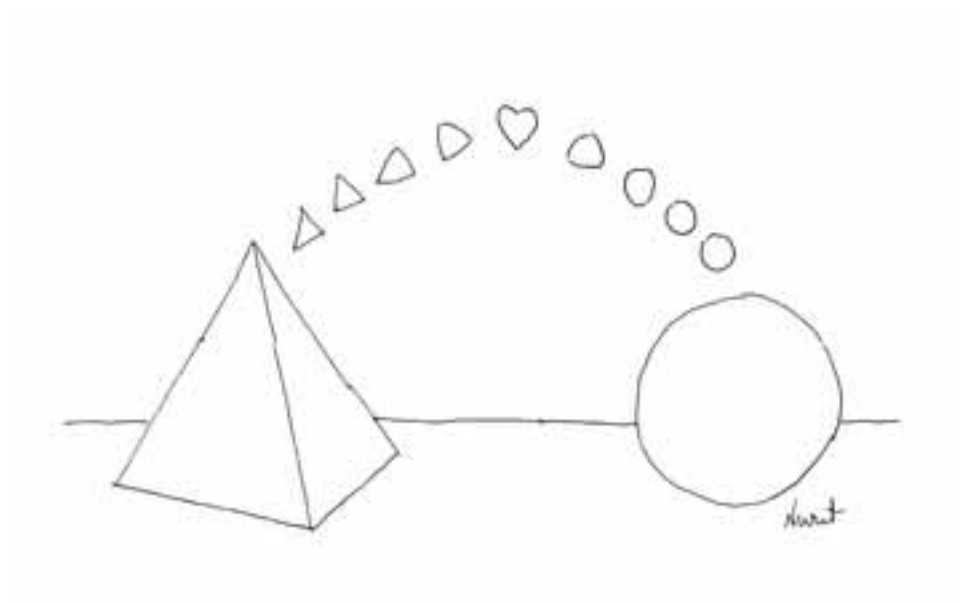
"Now, last time, near the end of Ravel's 'Bolero,' I heard a scream."





"Alice, do you have greater ambitions for me or is treasurer of R. T. Caulkins Company, Inc., as far as I'm going?"







“Dear Sir: Here are two thousand suggestions for the betterment and efficiency of the corporation. One . . .”





Why does a fireman wear red suspenders?

- A. ☐ *The red goes well with the blue uniform.*
- B. ☐ *They can be used to repair a leaky hose.*
- C. ☐ *To hold up his pants.*



"This is not a stickup."





*“Well, if they do everything so much better in Oregon,
why don’t you flee to Oregon?”*



"A skinny little runt with a naked dome but heavy on the chin whiskers. Anyway, we're playing footsie in the Automat. First thing I know, he's gone, and so's my peach cobbler."



"My God! Already?"





“Harvey lives in a little world all his own—Channel 5.”

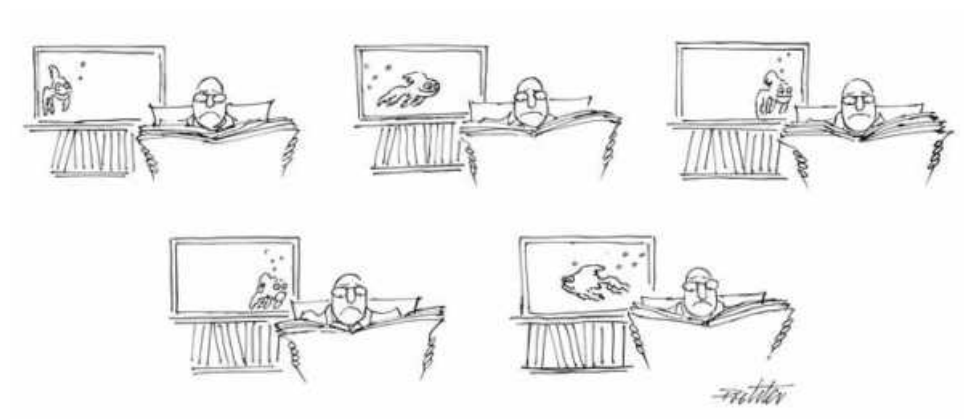


*"The men feel there is an evil spirit in your clutch housing.
We've called a priest."*



“What do you suppose it means, Nedsy, when everything that’s going on consists of stuff that’s coming back?”







“Now, if you don’t mind answering a few questions, the wife and I are conducting a little poll ourselves.”





"This is a recording. What the hell do you want?"



"I said I'm sorry. What more can I do? Get Kissinger over here to work something out?"



"Sweetie, Aaron has written a little poem about the energy crisis."

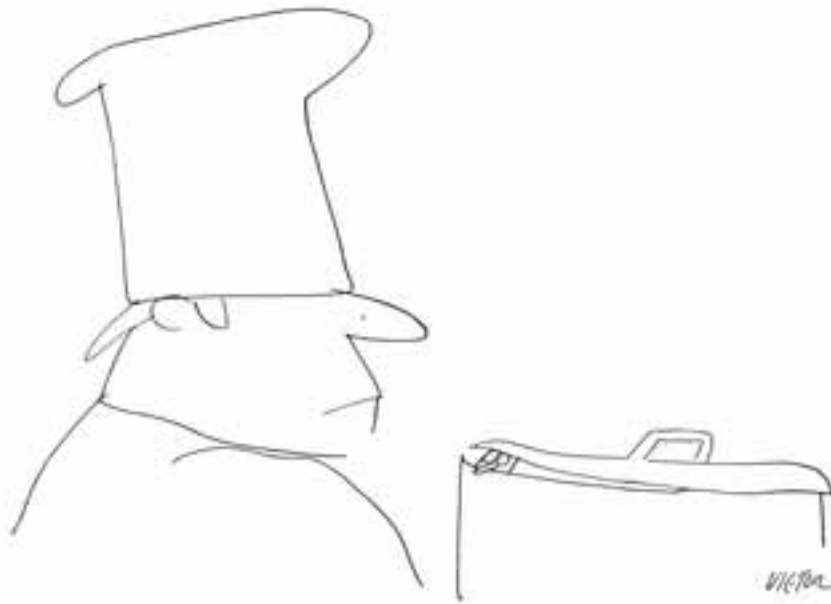


"When you're hot, you're hot."



"If God has seen fit to place me in this position for some reason, Hewlitt, and if that reason seems to include sitting in judgment upon you, then so be it."





"This is your bouillabaisse speaking."



"That dog is their whole life."



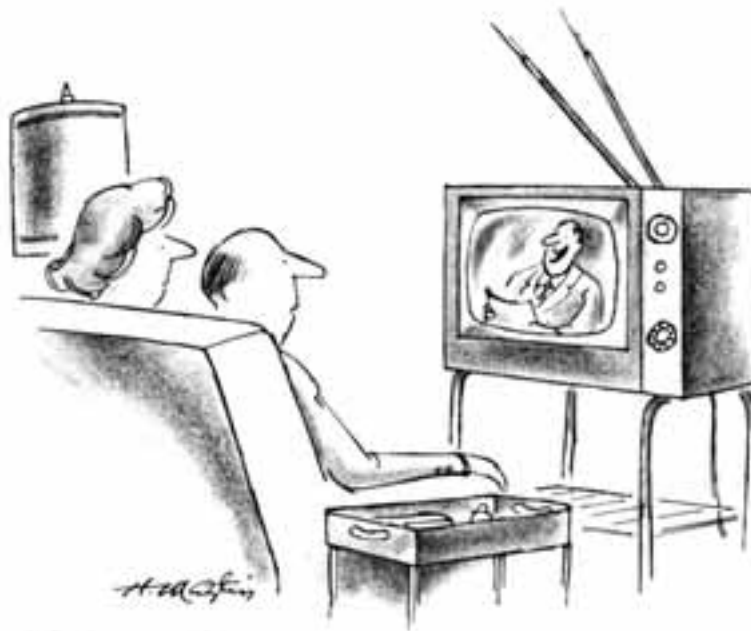
*"I may not know much about corporate-tax law,
but I damn well know what I like."*





"Oh, shut up!"





“Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. Average Joe! Well, looks like you clowns got it in the neck again today. Whap! Whap! Whap! Here’s the six-o’clock rundown of insults and disasters. For openers, food prices soar as supplies dwindle. The energy crisis has led to another voltage cut and—surprise!—a lifting of pollution controls. (Look for more soot in the shirt drawer, Sidney.) For you poor saps in New Jersey, another tax hike, and on the national scene dig this—huge chunks of tax money reported missing from Medicare programs.”



“Nominees for the hand of Prince Charming are Cinderella in ‘Cinderella,’ Rosamond in ‘Sleeping Beauty,’ Goldilocks in ‘The Three Bears,’ Beauty in ‘Beauty and the Beast,’ and Rapunzel in ‘Rapunzel.’ The envelope, please.”



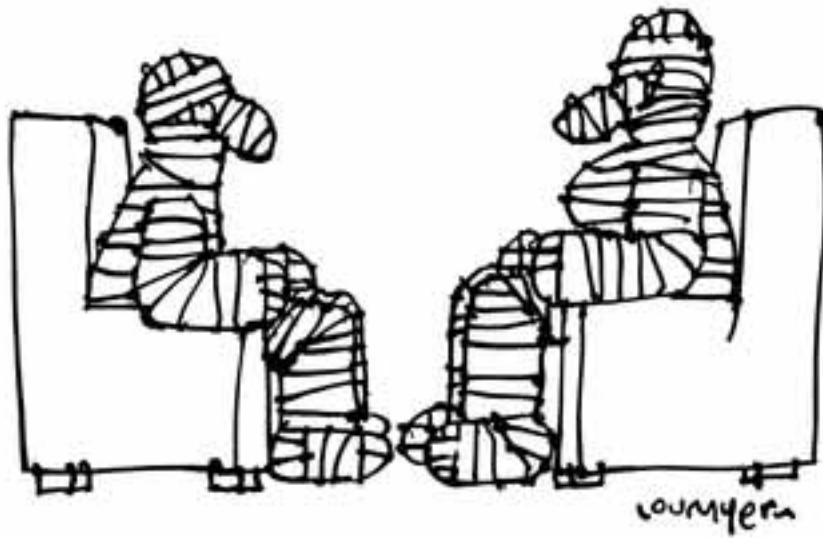
"There you are, sir—larger than life."



"France has the right idea—everybody go to hell."



*"Don't be silly, darling! It's just somebody I
knew in the Movement."*





"The ones I worry about are all those poor slobs on fixed incomes."





"She claims to be getting it note for note from the ghost of Henry Busse."



*"What you want is a multiversity or perhaps a polyversity, but
I don't think you'll be happy at a megaversity."*



*“Refresh my memory. Are you an official
source or an unofficial source?”*





*“Your right to say it, however, does not preclude
my right to take exception.”*



“And let us remember—that which we render unto God is deductible from that which we render unto Caesar.”



“No, this isn’t the line for prosperity, happiness, and universal peace. This is the line for fortitude, sobriety, and a resigned acceptance of things as they are.”



"No, thanks. I'm a misanthrope."



"Guess what, everybody. Mrs. Fancher is going to visit her daughter in Florida, and her Cissus rhombifolia is coming to stay with us for a few weeks."



“Harry got into television through Masterpiece Theatre. Now he watches anything.”



“Wilson? Not the Wilson of U.S. versus Wilson!”





"Let the orgies begin."





"Damn it, I just can't conceptualize in a Pinto!"



"I'm afraid he's lost the will to live happily ever after."



“We make eighteen thousand dollars a year. What do you recommend?”



"Henny Youngman didn't help."



William Steig (4/15/1974)

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"Oh, sure I'm rich, I guess. But I'm not super-rich."



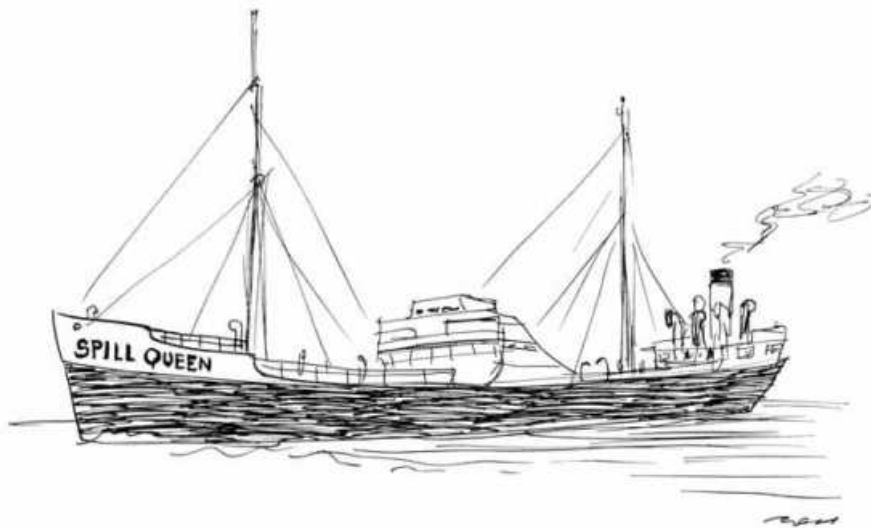
*"Fifty per cent sex and fifty per cent violence.
That's the balance we've been looking for!"*



“Da Vinci, Benjamin Franklin, Sir Walter Raleigh, Confucious, Kipling, Tolstoy—I believe any one of them could have made it very, very big in advertising.”



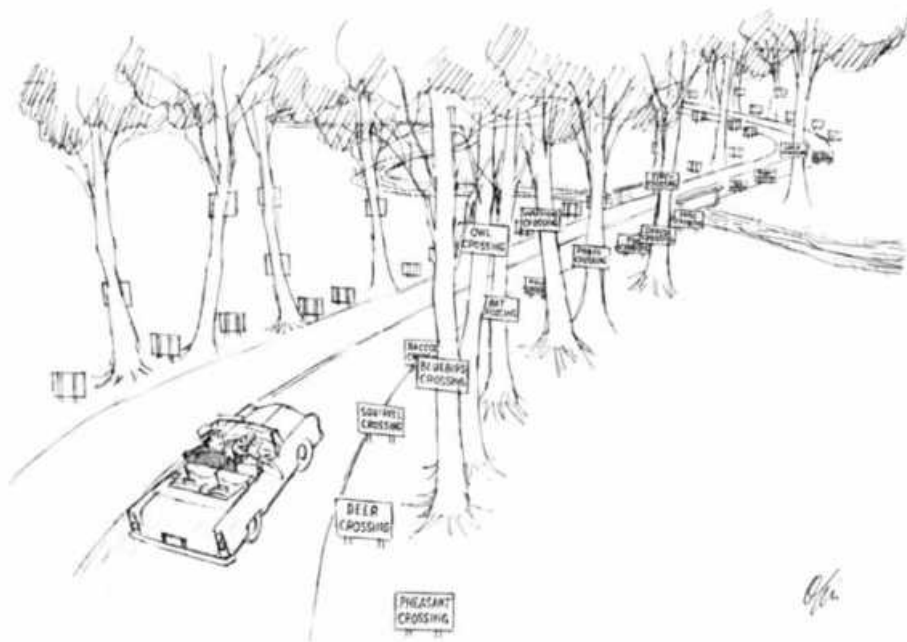
"I missed the prayer breakfast, Benson. Pencil in an hour in the Meditation Room for me some time after lunch."





*"Samantha is Harry's, but Homer here is mine
from a previous marriage."*





"Looks like the Sierra Club has a lot of clout around here."

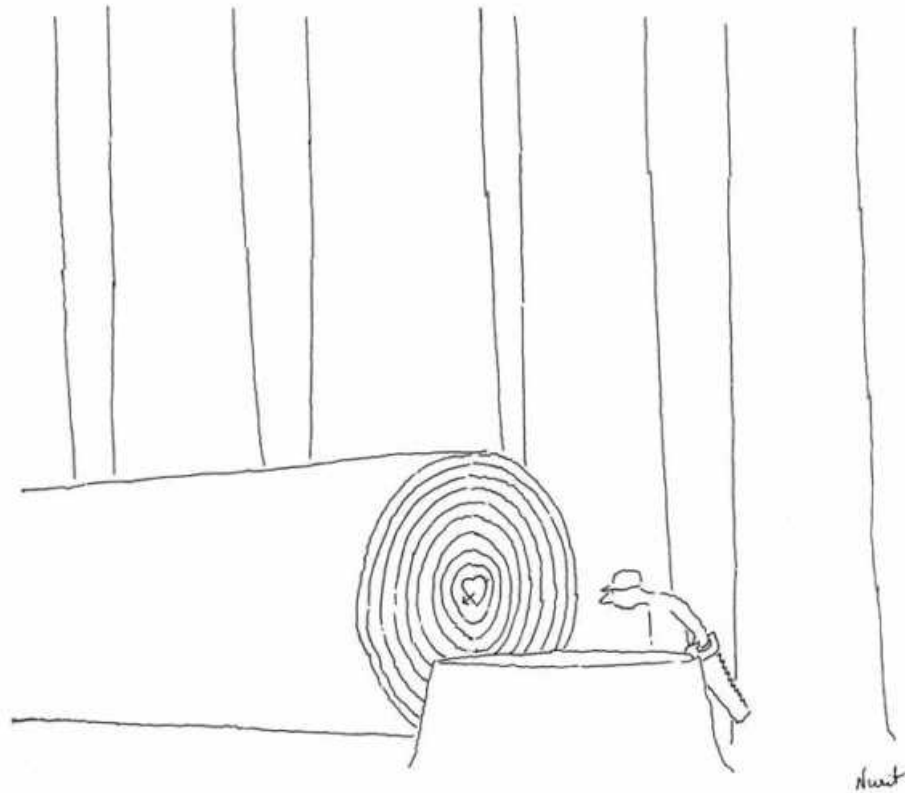


*“Oh, defendants are all right, I guess, but I’m
basically a plaintiff man myself.”*



"You get no interest on your account, Mrs. Dunwoodie, because your day of deposit and your day of withdrawal were the same damn day."





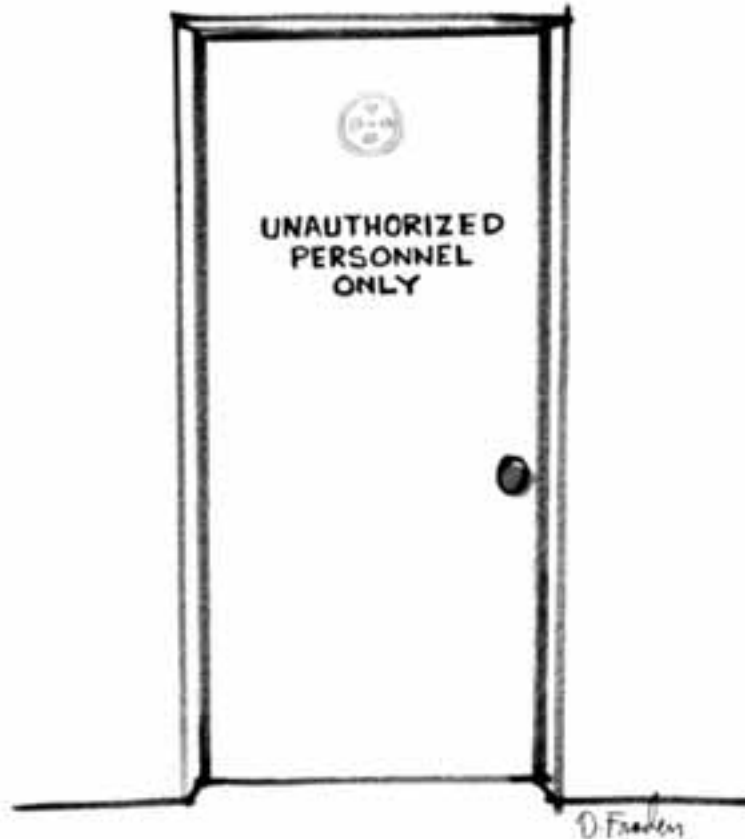




"Everything went!"



"Red roses for a blue lady!"





*"We're looking for peace of mind, a feeling of ease and contentment,
and a sense of security, but we can't go over forty thousand."*



"No more carbohydrates until you finish your protein."





"Hi, I'm Ed McGraw. I'm in the paper crunch. What crunch are you in?"



“Dear, this is my first wife. What do you think?”







“There’s the pressure from my public, naturally, as well as the pressure from my publisher, my agent, and all that. But the real pressure comes from that devil inside that makes me different from other men, that makes me a writer. But, of course, you know all about pressure, grinding out those papers at Sarah Lawrence.”



"I am nonsectarian, apolitical, and amoral, and any resemblance of any opinion of mine to the opinion of anyone living or dead is purely coincidental."



"She does not now share, nor has she ever shared, my sense of humor."



*"All I know, Harrison, is that I've been on the board forty years
and have yet to see an excess profit."*





"It would appear to be a financial emergency of some sort."





"I've got thousands and thousands of constituents, but no friends."



*"So someone stole the tarts. Call the guards!
Search the palace! Bake some more! I'm trying
to run a deck here."*



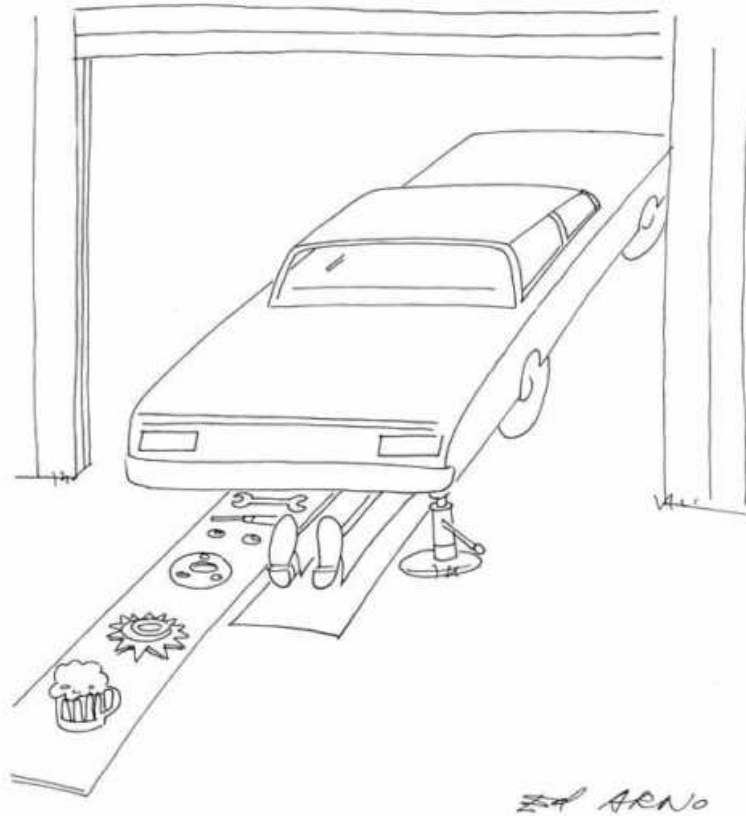
"Ah, it's a great day to be alive. And rich."



*"Well, now that the children have all grown up,
I guess Ill pull up a chair."*



I'm a Cheshire mouse."







*“So what if the Arabs have all the dough? They still have
to come to us for Yankee know-how.”*





*“And I’ll tell you something else. I’ve had it up to here
with your one redeeming quality.”*



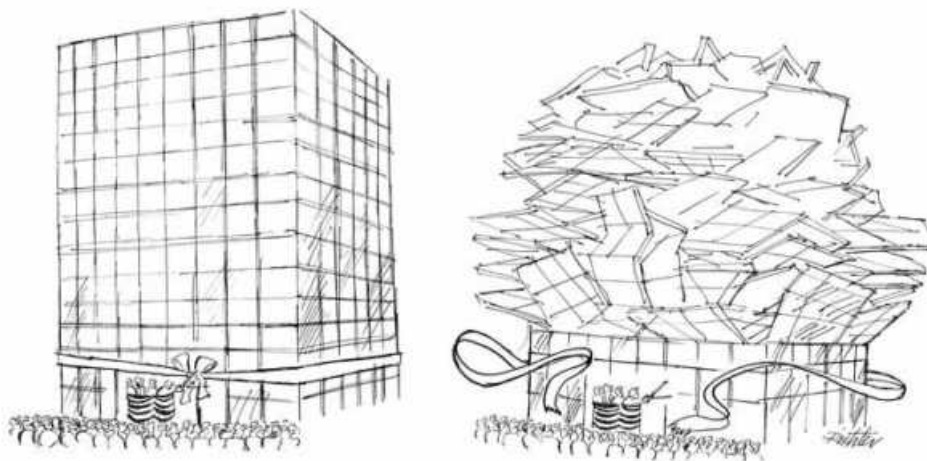
“Actually, I’m a mime by profession, but I must admit there are times when I do enjoy a nice chat.”



"Leisure Valley Estates has barbed wire and looks nice, but for the same price Happy Village has a minefield."



"Where is everybody?"





"You must be those neat new paddle-tennis freaks Tina Brantley found."



“The sticker price includes front and rear bumpers, headlights, tail-lights, windshield wipers, radiator grille, and so forth and so on.”





*"It's a tradition at this time of year.
Dean Dodd always licks the first envelope."*



*“How was my day? I’ll tell you how was my day.
An unending succession of business triumphs,
heartwarming personal encounters, frequent compliments,
lavish bonuses, and stock-market killings
beyond my wildest dreams. How was your day?”*





"More."



*"I've been trying to feel upbeat, Doctor, and
I think I strained something."*



"Can you show us something else? This one makes him look too old."



“Good evening, Mr. Benson. This is a recording calling.”



"These aging stars get an ovation when they return to Broadway, but you know what Id get if I went back to the old office? The old raspberry."



*“Then it’s settled. Jensen here takes over as the presidency,
and I become the chairmanship of the board.”*



“This is just the tip of the iceberg.’ That’s just the tip of the iceberg.’ Can’t we just have the news?”



"Détente."



"Our life style went last year. What can we cut out this year?"



*"It's not what you know, it's who you know.
And who do I know? You!"*



*"I think it makes us all look damn silly the way
Ferguson spends his off-duty time."*





"I'll bet you wouldn't have let me off so easily if I weren't a woman."



*“Don’t be misled. He’s looked as if he’s about to
say something for thirty seven years now.”*



"I told it like it was."



*"This is the incomparable Stuart Hollobaugh. You remember.
Last night, at Daly's Dandelion."*





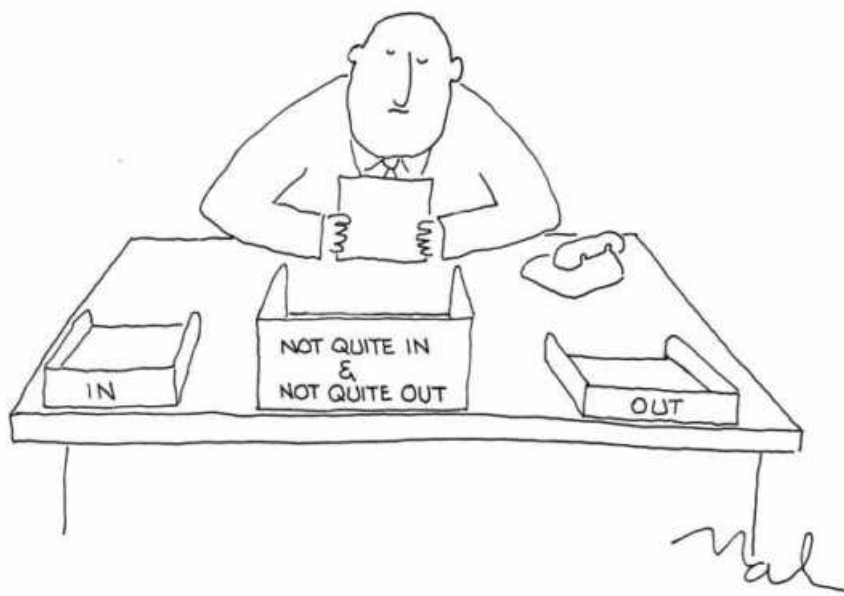
“Do you ever have one of those days when you feel all contemplated out?”



*“Now, you’re not going to blab it all over Washington every
time I take some money out, are you?”*



*"I feel I should tell you, Miss Graham. There are people
in this town who don't like me."*

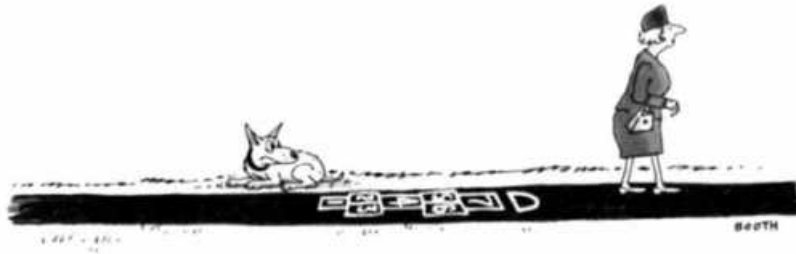




“Dear Diary: Got heaved out of Ernie’s tonight, but it took three guys to do it. Not bad for a guy crowding fifty, if I do say so myself. Ernie told me never to show my face in the joint again, but we’ll see about that. More tomorrow.”



"That's what I get for our eighteenth anniversary—a two-minute standing ovation!"



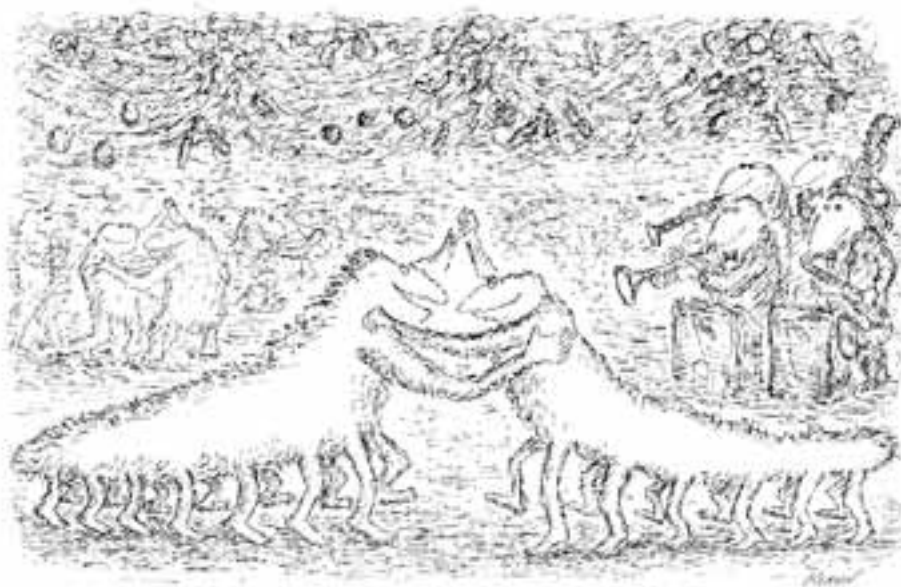




"Don't hold back on their account. They're plastic."



“Frankly, I never liked it. It makes you look like Salvador Dali.”



“One, two, three. One, two, three. One, two, three . . .”



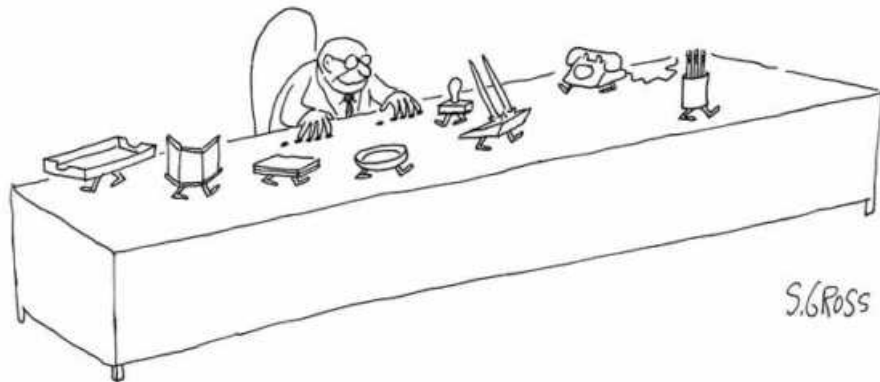
"Shoot. Pollwise, I'm virgin territory."



"You filled an old tire with marigolds. I never said a word. You planted petunias in a potbellied stove. I kept my mouth shut. You put geraniums in the birdbath. I didn't say anything. This morning, you filled that damned old white enamel washing machine with morning glories, and now, by God, I'm going to say something."



"You're a disgrace to all lemmings!"

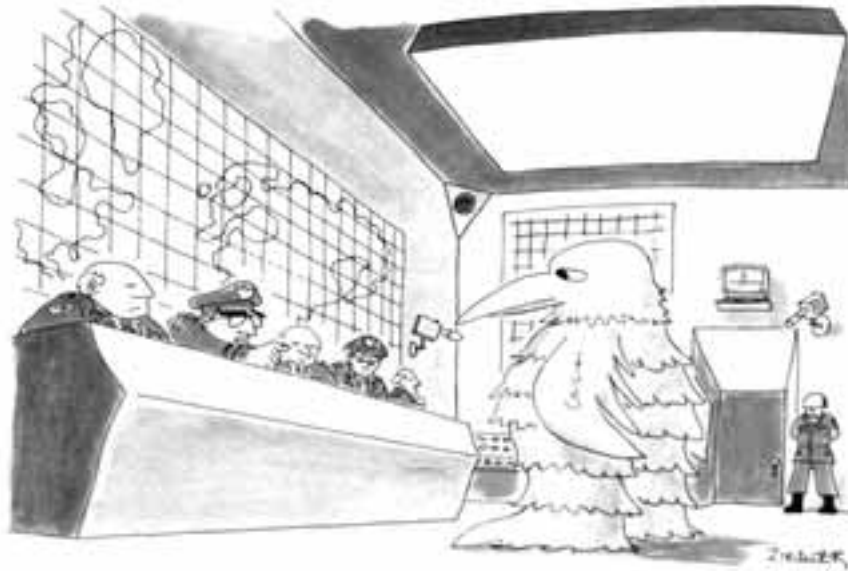




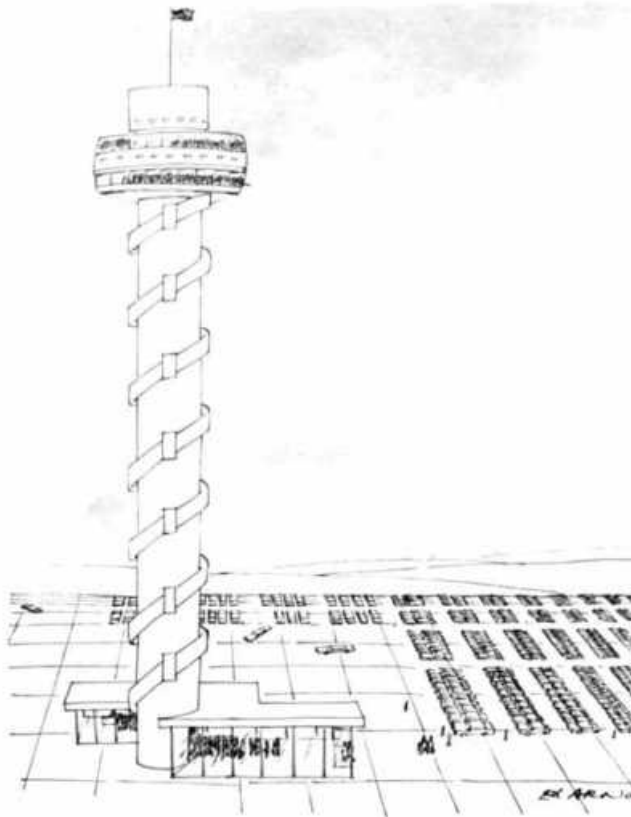
"I have my mother on the phone. Can you spare a dime for the next three minutes?"



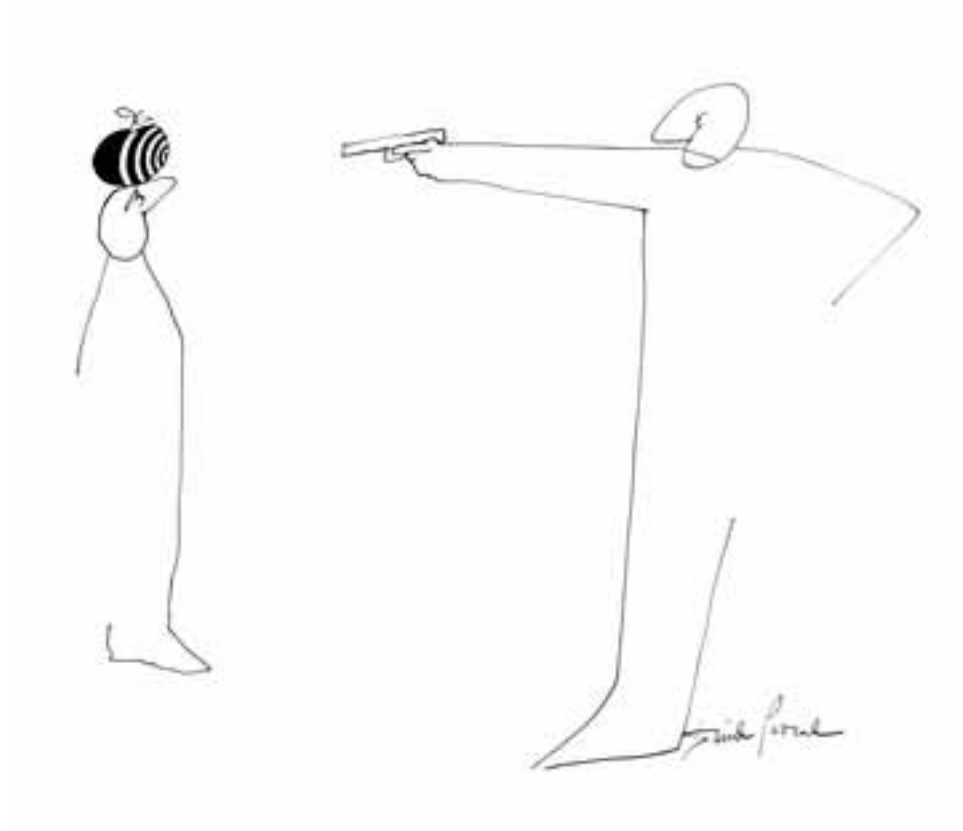
"I mean, it's hard to believe this is the same country that produced 'Casablanca.'"



“You realize, of course, Jacobi, that should anything go wrong the General and I will have to deny any knowledge of this.”



“Hey, look! Sixth row, tenth from the end! The blue one! That’s ours!”





*“‘I’ before ‘e,’
except after ‘c.’”*

“Drop dead!”



*“‘What’s on the docket?’ Are you kidding?
What isn’t on the docket?”*





“And help me find a job with a more creative agency.”



"Have a nice day. And good riddance."



“Miss Stouffer, I’m closing up shop for the day. Will you check me out? Shredder off. Automatic conversion-monitor off. Phonemate off. Executive dictation unit off. Electric stapler off...”



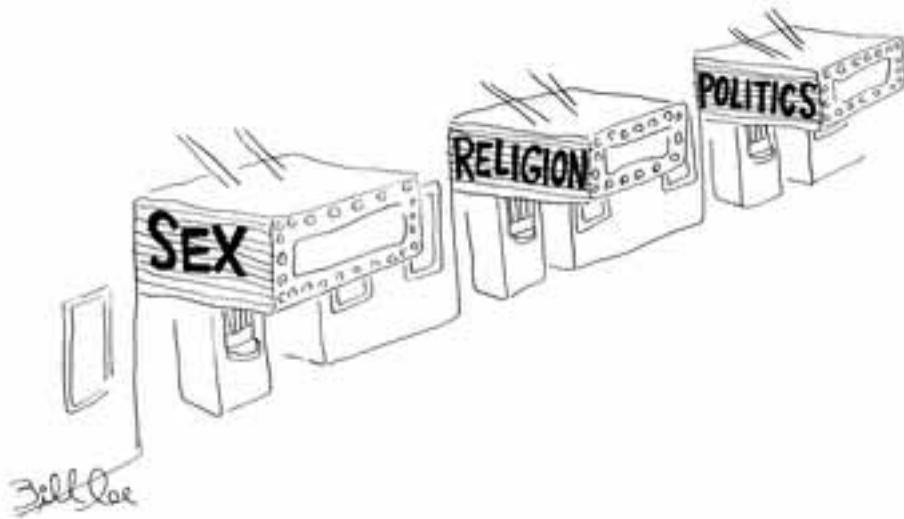
“Speaking of breaking down stereotypes, Whitney, how about marching out to the kitchen and cracking those lobsters?”



"I just want you to know, R. B., how much I admire the way you out-manuevered Allied on that takeover without losing your femininity."



“It all started with that trail subscription to the T.L.S. Then came that Nigel Nicolson book, the smoking jacket and pipe, the pint of bitter, and, bingo, little West Tenth Street has become Bloomsbury.”





“After my gall-bladder operation, I said to myself, ‘Whoa, man, what are you doing with your life?’ So I sold my blue chips, and put it all into Treasury bills.”



“O. K., Barbara. Now one of just the car.”



“Lucille, do we kiss the Friedlanders?”





*“I’m terribly sorry. The art director thinks
your ears are too big.”*



“‘Ignorance of the law is no excuse.’ Golly! I never heard that one! Did you ever hear that one?”



"Frost warning tonight. Pass it on."



“Aren’t you even going to listen to my scenario?”



"When it comes to sorting out which particular one was the one too many, I'm at a complete loss."



"There is no nourishment in this meal, but then, by the same token, there is a minimum of poisons."



*"I'm sorry, sir, but our commission is not authorized
to designate individuals as landmarks."*





"Did you see that? I had them in the aisles."



"Ordinarily, I love a man with a pipe."



*“Oh, mercy no, that’s not my family! It’s Steve McKay’s,
in Accounting. He wants a raise.”*



“Well, Ma, this looks like the place.”

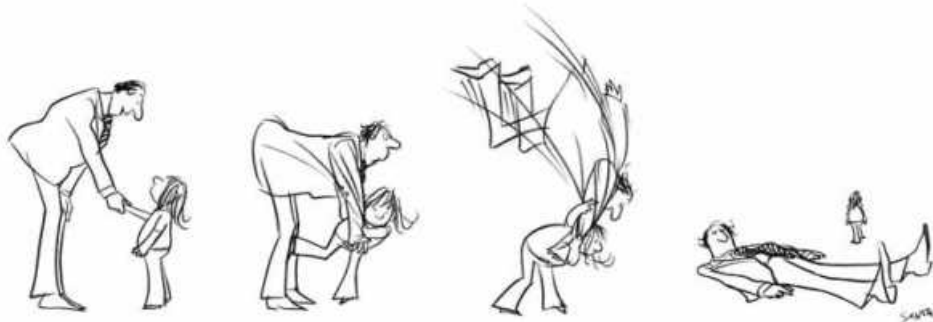




*"I say 'M!' I say 'M-O!' 'M-O-P!' 'M-O-P-P!' 'R-A-G-G-M-O-P-P,
Raggmopp' 'Rada-de-daa-de-dada!' 'Raggmopp!'"*



“Rise and shine! It’s Sunday! Time to get up and paint!”



*“What did you
learn in school
today?”*

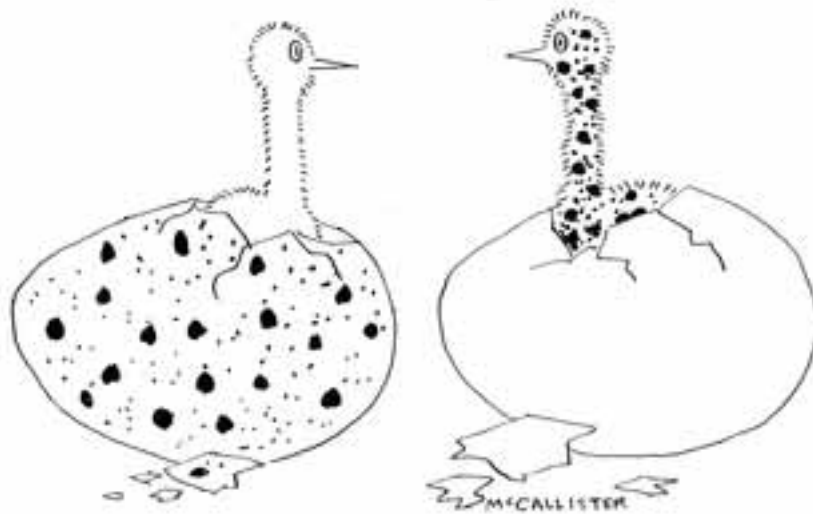


“Remember me telling you about Charlie Schwing, who was in grammar school with me? Well, who should I run into just now but good old Charlie, and he hasn’t changed a bit!”



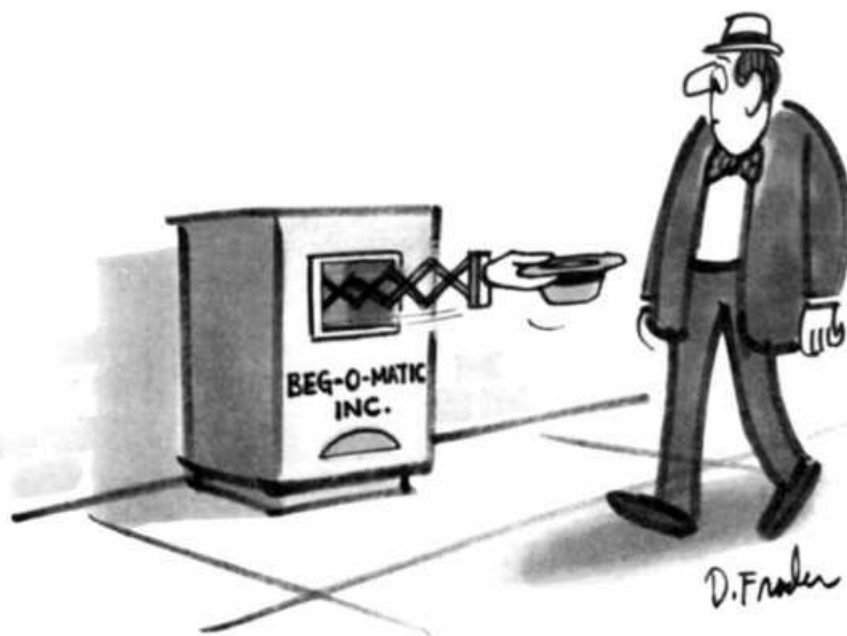
“For tomorrow, Wizard, I want you to conjure up a nice sunny day in the seventies, with perhaps a gentle southeasterly breeze. I want to be in a happy frame of mind, and I want happy, smiling faces all around me and throughout my entire kingdom.”







*"My name is André. I couldn't stand the heat,
so I came out of the kitchen."*





“Stand erect, feet twelve inches apart. Now bend forward to touch floor between feet—try to keep knees straight.”





“Here come the goddam summer people!”



*“Kellerman, eh? I didn’t recognize the face,
but the voice-over was familiar.”*



"The fact is I found him in the Yellow Pages."



"I thought it was me, but maybe the school's no damn good."



“Martin and I just bought sixty-five acres in Vermont, and as soon as we get around to building a house you must come up and visit.”



*“Oh, come now! Is this the face of our
friendly neighborhood banker?”*



"Whose father has a station wagon?"





"Tell me, Dr. Russell, about the veterinary experience."



“And now, from the distaff side, an editorial opinion on the same subject.”





"I'd like to live in the past, but I can't remember any of it."



*“Religious freedom is my immediate goal, but my
long-range plan is to go into real estate.”*

O Swan Avatar,
shall I ride the
subway today?

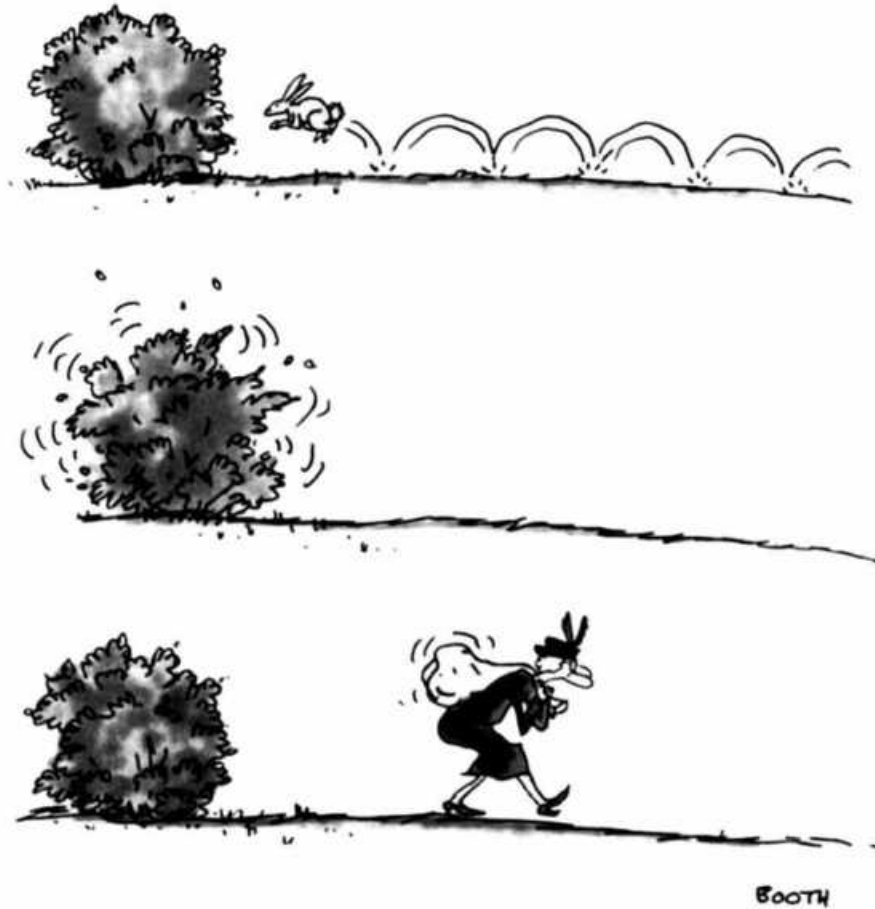


Neither sun, moon,
nor fire shine there.
Those who go thither may
never come back and
no mention is made
in the graffiti of the rising
and the setting of the sun.
Once again it doesn't matter
how you ride. The doors of
the city are being held
wide open, light
and love are
patiently waiting.
Take a taxi.



Lou Myers







“Know something? Your laughter is beginning to sound canned.”



"That's funny. I came down here to get away by myself, too."







“Here you’ve just had a nice low-cholesterol, low-cal breakfast of egg white, corn oil, skim milk, lecithin, mono- and diglycerides, propylene glycol monostearate, cellulose and xantha gums; trisodium and triethyl citrate, fortified with thiamin, riboflavin, and vitamin D; decaffeinated coffee with nutritive lactose and soluble saccharin . . . and you’re still not happy?”



*"I want a book about a woman that starts out happy,
stays happy, and ends happy."*



*"It's Dr. Garber's idea. He thinks I shouldn't
have any inhibitions at all."*



*“Congratulations, keep moving, please. Congratulations,
keep moving, please. Congratulations. . .”*





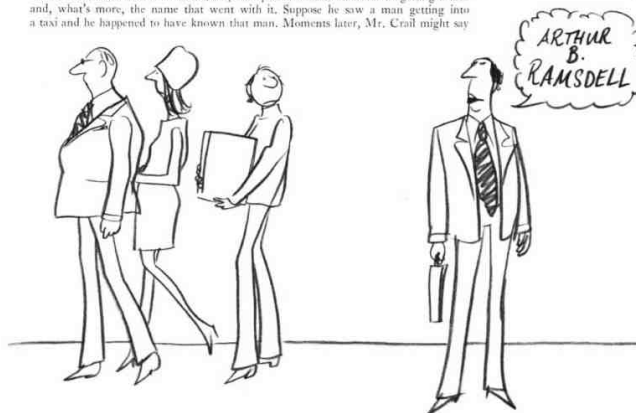
"I'll give the chef your compliments, but what about me?"



"How do you see me in a floppy hat?"

I'D KNOW YOU ANYWHERE (1 OF 3)

There was a man named Wilson Crail, who prided himself on never forgetting a face and, what's more, the name that went with it. Suppose he saw a man getting into a taxi and he happened to have known that man. Moments later, Mr. Crail might say



and he would be correct—it had been Arthur B. Ramsdell, who sat behind him in Civics at Polk Junior High in 1952.



How he did it was impossible to explain, but, whatever he did, it worked. He did it on the street, at parties, at football games, in theatres and restaurants.



Within five minutes of recognition, usually much sooner, he would quietly rise, walk over to that person, and say, "Hello there, Henry W. Courtney. I'm Wilson Crail. We sat together on the plane to Sioux Falls in 1964." And then Mr. Courtney would say, "Crail? Crail? Oh, yes, Mr. Crail. Hello, Mr. Crail."

I'D KNOW YOU ANYWHERE (2 OF 3)



When he went back and forth from home, he didn't recognize anybody—not even Mayor Abe Beame, who was on a walking tour of Lexington Avenue.

Then one day, while he was shopping at Abercrombie's, something stirred in Mr. Crail, and he turned to the man at the counter beside him. "Hello there, Clauson F. Jarvis," he said. "I'm Wilson Crail. We had the cottage next to yours at Ogunquit, summer of 1968." The man was stunned. "Wilson Crail?" he said. "You're not Wilson Crail. Wilson Crail has sparse sandy hair, wears glasses, and stands about five-eleven. You're no more Wilson Crail than Herbert Hoover."



Mr. Crail stared into a three-way mirror, profile and full face. It was true. He didn't look anything at all like Wilson Crail. But he *knows* that face. It would just be a matter of time.

I'D KNOW YOU ANYWHERE (3 OF 3)



At one New Year's Eve party, he walked up to a lady and said, "Hello there, I know you," but before he could explain, she said, "The hell you do," and, turning back to her companion, she added, "And he never did." It was his ex-wife. Mr. Crail finished his drink alone and left the party very early.

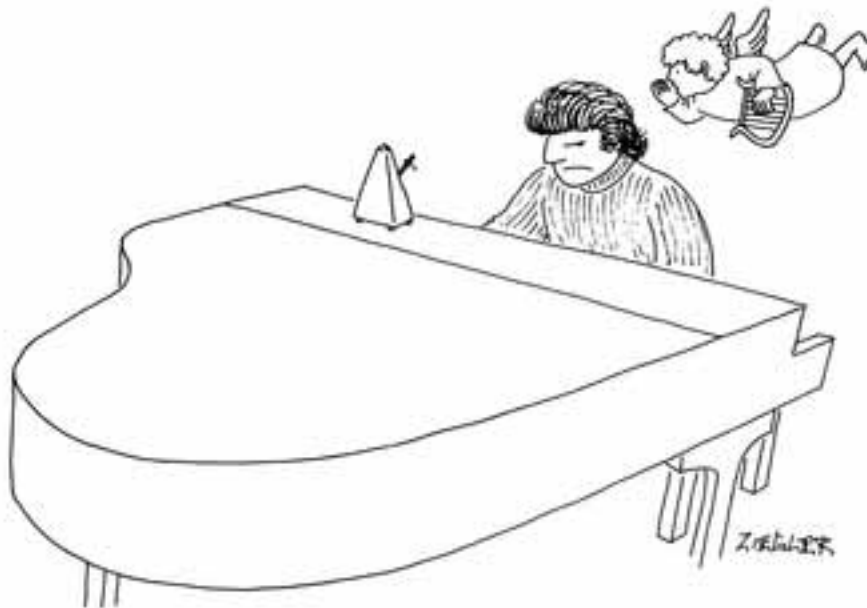


He tried to dismiss the encounter from his mind, but he became moody and distracted and found himself doing a lot of thinking by the window in his office, looking across the rooftops.



He began lunching alone at Bickford's, reading *Barron's*.

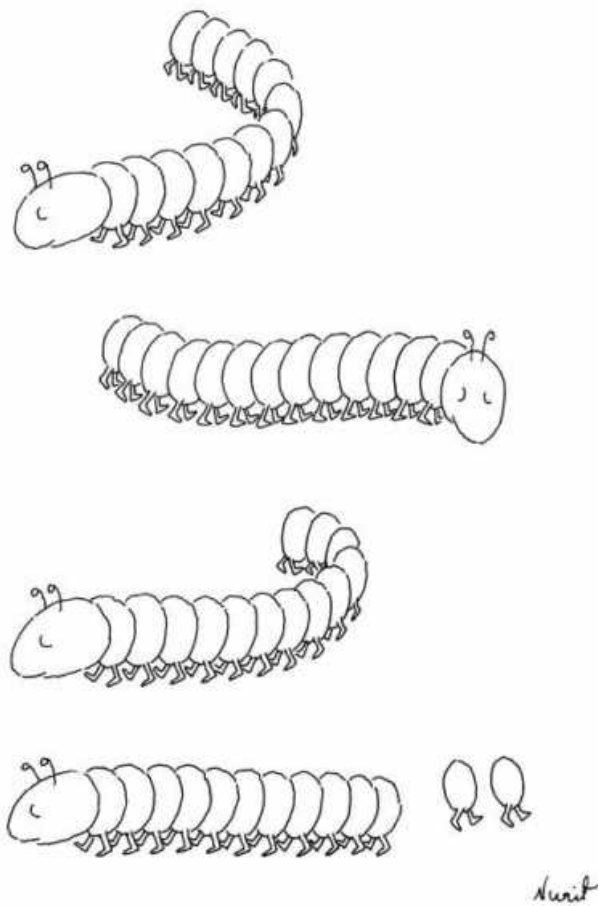




“And dentistry? I’ve heard dentistry has its rewards also.”



“That reminds me. I hear Derek and Karen are pretty rocky.”





"You want my opinion. My opinion is that when push comes to shove, it will be more bad news for the consumer."





"The chairman of the board!"





“Remember that joke I always laughed at so hard? The one you used to tell about the horse with the wooden leg? I don’t get it.”



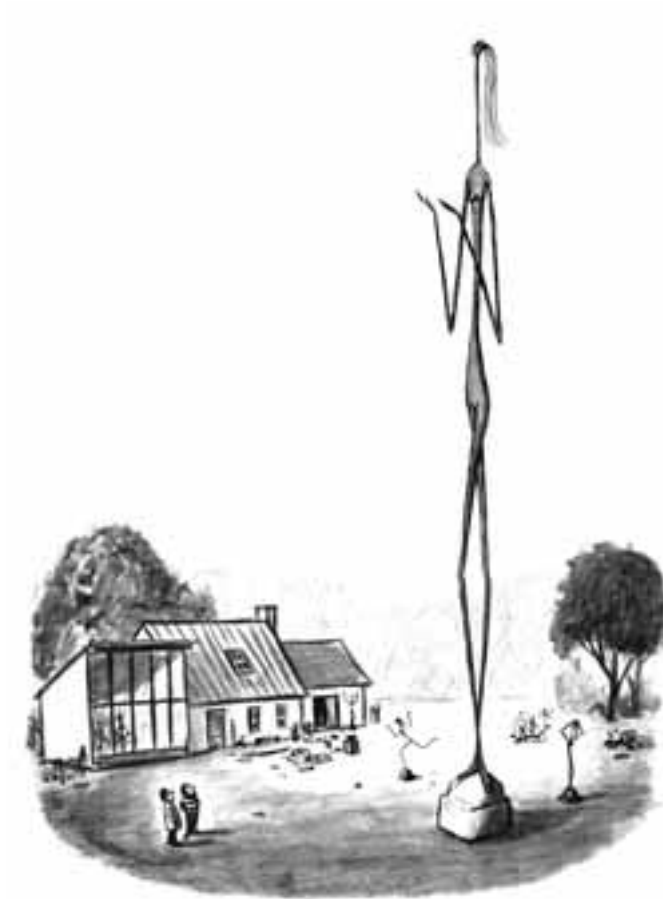




“You have real talent, definite star quality, and, I think, a great future. But our agency only handles comebacks.”



*"They may live in the sticks, but they seem
to have read everything Norman Mailer ever wrote."*



"Sam, it's the most sensitive thing you've ever done!"





"I may not be right, but, by God, that doesn't mean I'm wrong."



*“I used to be a management consultant,
but now I’m into making up songs and poems.”*





“True. We do eat right; we do get plenty of exercise; we have our health, which is the main thing. But I still say to hell with everything!”

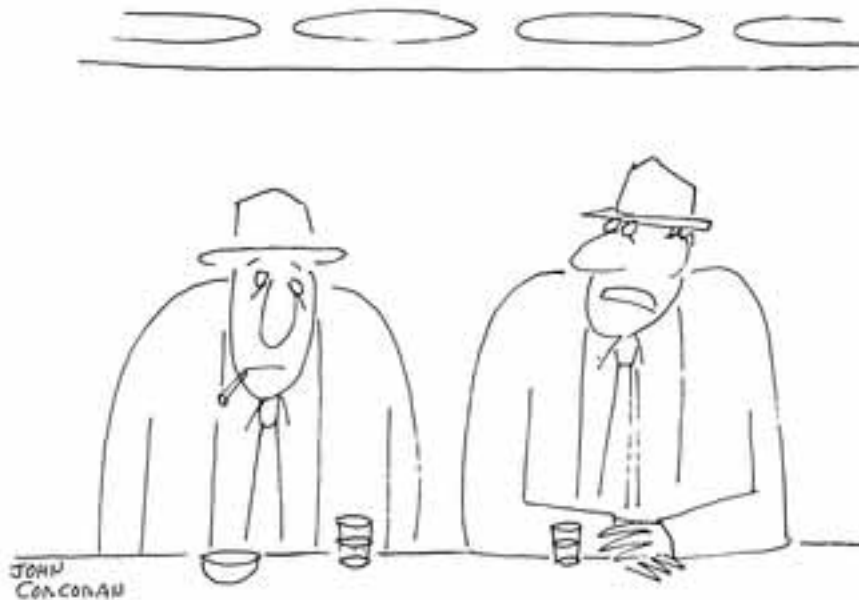




"Dear Aunt Dorothy: Thank you very much for the nice record for my birthday. It's the first time I've ever heard a whale sing."



“He does.”



“True, he’s one damn hell of a fine human being. But who needs him?”



*"Hello, dear. I had a very hard day at the office,
and grabbed a bite on the way home. I've brought
home some work, which I'll be doing in my study.
See you in the morning. Good night."*



"The drill around here is as follows: local news from six to seven, Cronkite from seven to seven-thirty, and then Edgar till bedtime."



*"For God's sake, Mrs. Sullivan, I didn't have anything
to do with any 'milk deals'!"*



*“The Big Enchilada is tied up with the Chief Honcho at the moment,
but the Little Enchilada can see you now.”*



“We’ve had a lot of fun fixing up this place, but you know how it is — whenever you think you’re done, there’s always something else to do.”



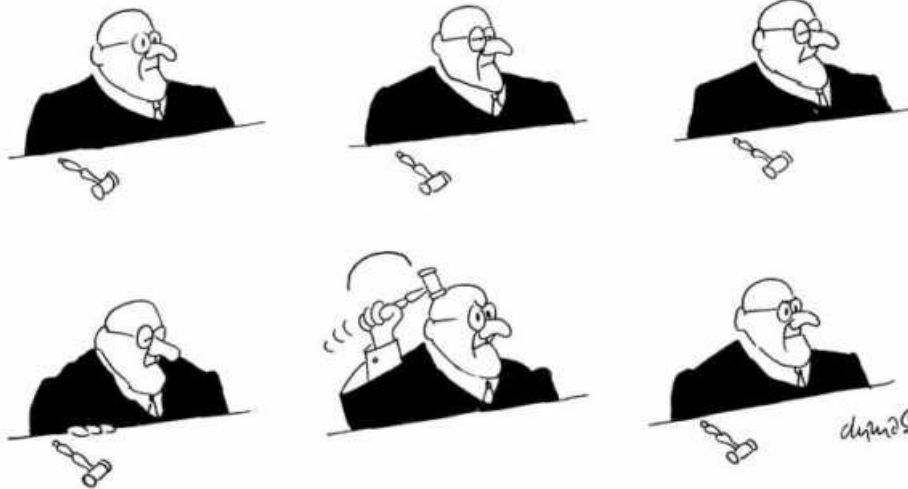
"We haven't done anything really crummy for a long time."



“This is my executive suite and this is my executive vice-president, Ralph Anderson, and my executive secretary, Adele Eades, and my executive desk and my executive carpet and my executive wastebasket and my executive ashtray and my executive pen set and my . . .”



"I've stemmed the advance of pigweed, buckhorn, and dog fennel, and curbed the inroads of goosegrass, pennywort, and creeping beggar, but it's still nip and tuck with henbit, purslane, and sow thistle."

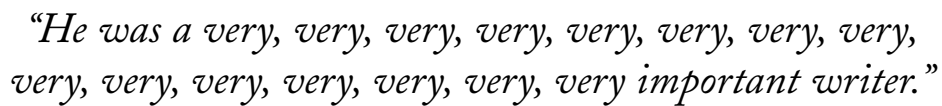




“Seems like only yesterday we were calling it the ‘almighty dollar.’”



“If you don’t mind, Edna, I would like to go ashore.”



[Return to Main Menu ►](#)





"See, darling, shorter and combed back you look more articulate."



"Feel better, dear?"



*“Round up the kids, Helen. I’ve just decided to
spend some time with them.”*



"Something tells me that new kid is going straight to the top."



“Gentlemen, please! Let’s move on to substantive issues.”





“Do you want to talk about it?”



“I didn’t say ‘Marge called,’ I said ‘margin call.’ Who is Marge?”



"We do live in a democracy, Perkins, but here we operate under an authoritarian regime."

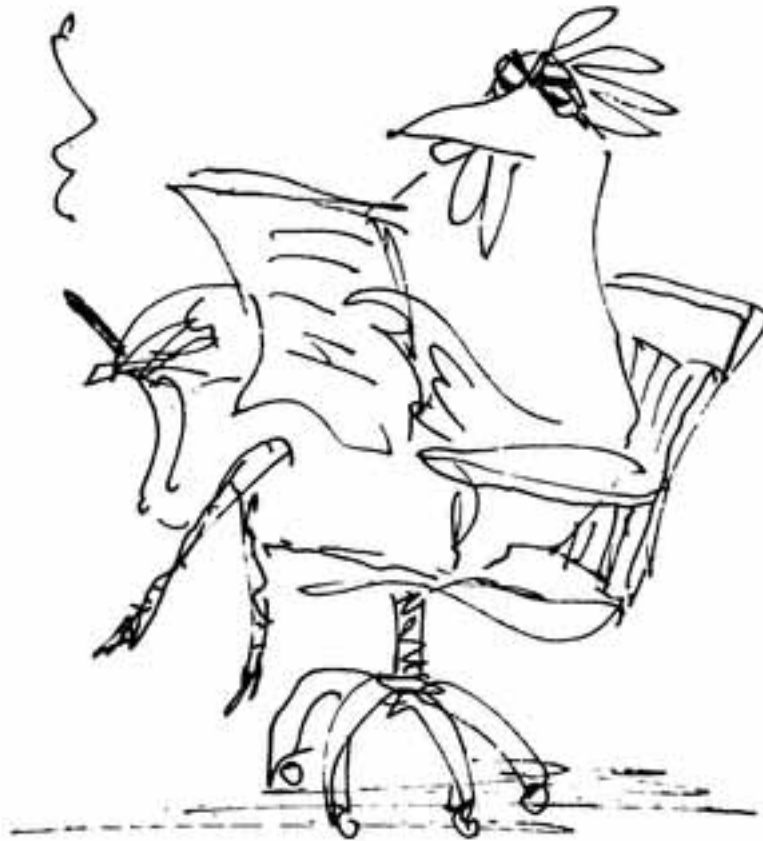
COCK-A-DOODLE (1 OF 16)



COCK-A-DOODLE (2 OF 16)



COCK-A-DOODLE (3 OF 16)



COCK-A-DOODLE (4 OF 16)



COCK-A-DOODLE (5 OF 16)



COCK-A-DOODLE (6 OF 16)



COCK-A-DOODLE (7 OF 16)



COCK-A-DOODLE (8 OF 16)



COCK-A-DOODLE (9 OF 16)



COCK-A-DOODLE (10 OF 16)



COCK-A-DOODLE (II OF 16)



COCK-A-DOODLE (12 OF 16)



COCK-A-DOODLE (13 OF 16)



COCK-A-DOODLE (14 OF 16)



COCK-A-DOODLE (15 OF 16)



COCK-A-DOODLE (16 OF 16)





"You should have come along. Everybody we know is down there."



"The Dunhams have just been declared forever wild."





*“Yes, sir, Dave. Out here, under the big sky,
I always get back in touch with who I am.”*



*"I'm Kenneth H. Rydell, of 176 East Sixty-third Street, and
I don't have time for the waiting game."*



"Mrs. Dodsworth, I'm happy to report that you do not have a persecution complex. Everybody's added costs really are passed on to you."



“Patchy fog this morning, clearing by midday.”

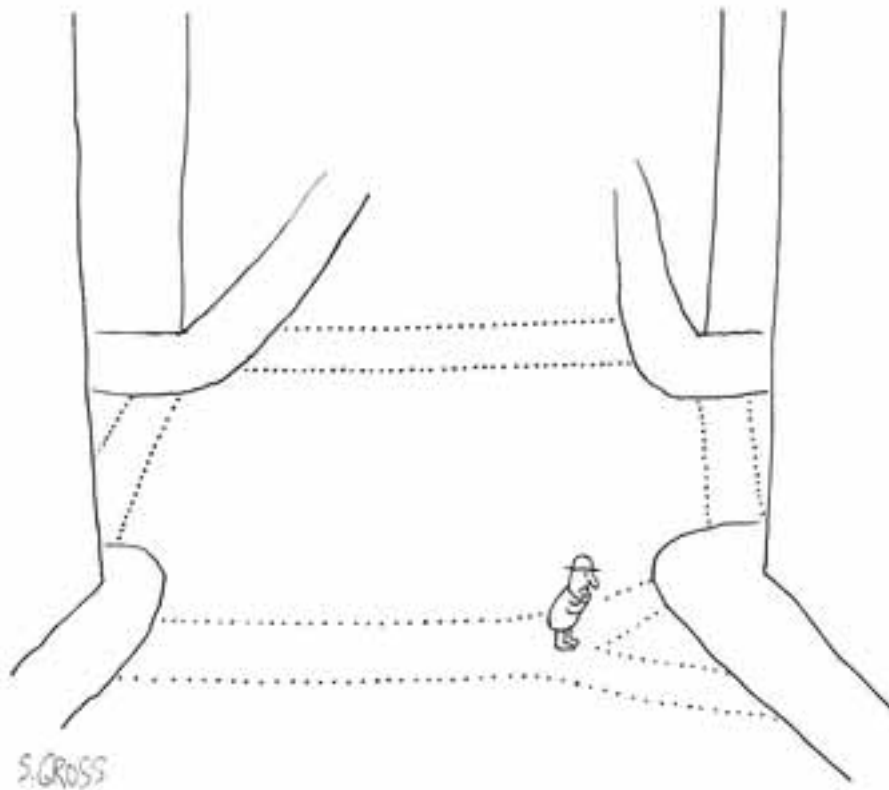




"I blame it on lack of moral leadership."



"I guess they really mean it. Here's a second appeal for funds from Brad and Dee Dee Dennison."





“Quick, Linda Sue! The Gatorade!”



“For dessert, we have Twinkies, Hostess cupcakes, or Devil Dogs.”



"You want to know your trouble? You don't respect yourself."



"I'm Don Fulsom, in the Dwayne house for July and August for five Gs, and this is Hank Bellarer, who's in the Harkins cottage for July for three Gs."





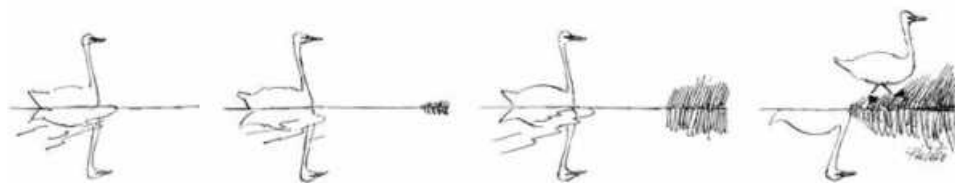
*"Excuse me, sir, but I'm on a
working vacation. Would you like to buy a tie?"*



"It's me, pet—Good King Wenceslas."

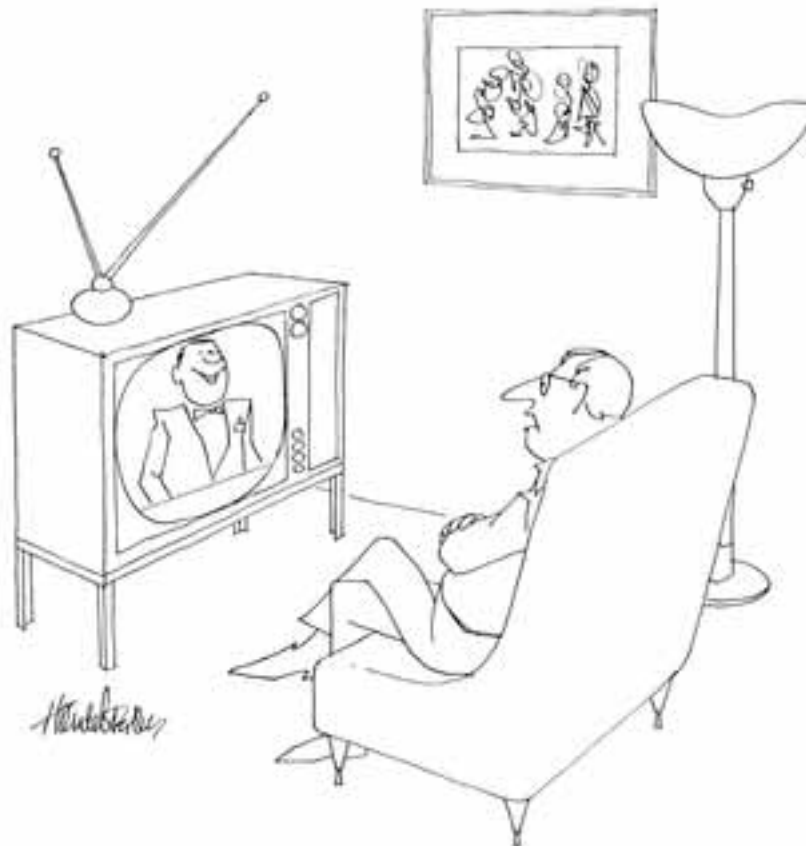


"Tests show you have a mild case of future shock complicated by a pigheaded attitude."





*"Damn it, Eva! This balcony isn't big enough for you,
me, the plants, and the Sunday 'Times'!"*



“‘Welcome back’ yourself. I’ve been here the whole time.”



“Let’s not talk money—let’s talk value.”



"All right, I'm not very nice. Men are like that sometimes."



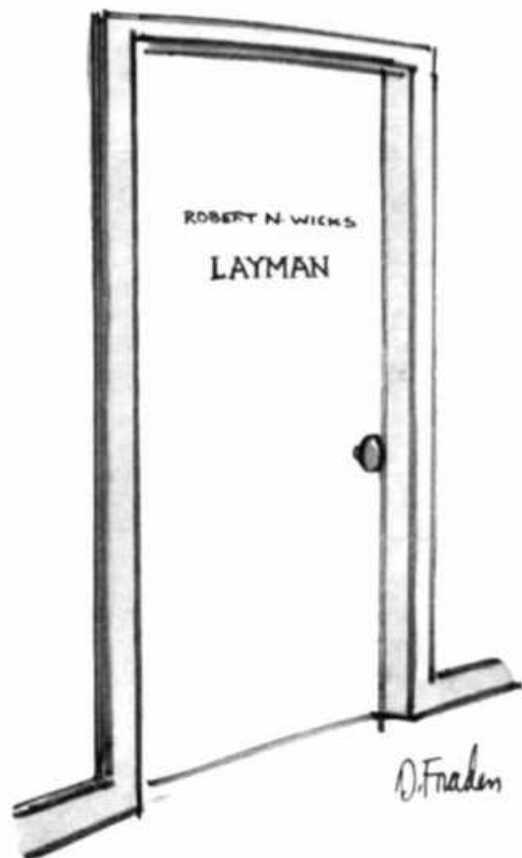


"Most powerful forehand in Rockland County."





"I'm marrying Marvin. I think there's a book in it."





“Good evening, folks! What’s good about it? Ha-ha-ha!”





*"I'll be honest. If you like Faulkner and Hemingway,
you probably wouldn't like me."*



"That's my mother. She's out back on the trampoline."



"No, there are very big, very real differences. For instance, if you're just living together, you don't have to buy these cast-iron French casseroles at forty dollars a throw."



THE CARTOONS OF THE



*“What will it be? A taco, an eggroll,
a falafel—or just a plain hot dog?”*





“Where’s the tourist mecca around here, pal?”



“So you’re a Save the Thirty-five-Cent Fare! I’d like you to meet Mrs. Hawes. She’s a Save Long Island Sound.”



"It's the old story. East Hampton isn't big enough for both of them."





“Mr. Baskin, please! You’re exceeding your parameters again!”



*"I just don't understand it, Herman. After all these years,
Mr. Snodgrass and I have grown to look alike, and Mrs.
Snodgrass and you have grown to look alike."*



*“Just remember, Fenwick, they don’t call me a tightfisted,
penny-pinching, miserly cheapskate for nothing.”*







*"Salad, beer, and cold cuts in the fridge. Back
around eight. Love, Helen."*



“Now, Edgar, you’re not planning to play the fool tonight, are you?”



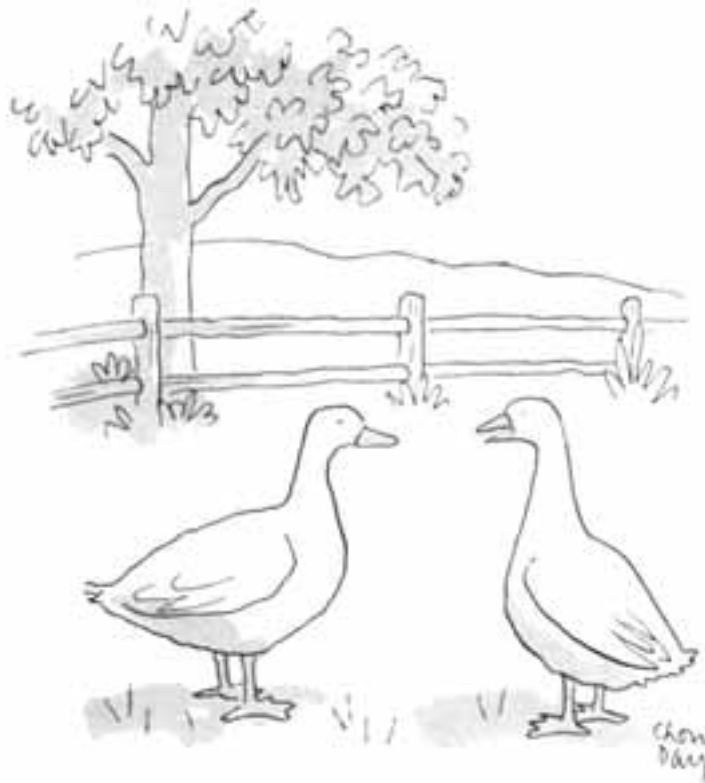
*"Forgive me, Howard, but that's the most supportive
thing anyone's ever said to me."*



“During your formative years, I worked hard to create the proper father image for you. Now I think it’s time you got to meet the man behind that image.”



"It's the least criticized car in the world."



“Just once, before I die, I’d like to lay a golden egg.”





"You're leaving out one thing, Frank. Asia."



*“Look! Your analyst will be on vacation. My analyst will
be on vacation. Armistice in August, agreed?”*



"Nice try, Archer, but it's no cigar."





"Judy Klemesrud called. She had the wrong number."



*"It only hurts when I'm laughing on the
outside and crying on the inside."*



"Do you know what I like about you, Rachel? You're old, like me."







"We gotta be we! Right?"

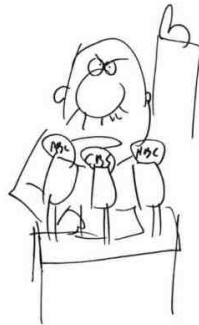




"Stop oppressing your sister!"

THE BREAKFAST - LUNCHEON MERGER CAPER (1 OF 2)

Ranch Ham and Eggs Any Style and Crab Louis today announced that they would merge with other, unnamed items to form an unprecedented daytime meal. This is widely interpreted as a move by the menu giants to dominate the early-evening hours.



SPOKESMAN FOR FILET OF SOLE SANDWICH WITH FRENCH FRIES



CRAB LOUIS AND RANCH HAM AND EGGS ANY STYLE LEAVING MEETING

Dry Cereal, Yogurt, and Hashed Brown Potatoes are suspected of being in on the deal, but a spokesman for Filet of Sole Sandwich with French Fries denied any connection with the merger.

Government meat inspectors, together with the F.B.I., the U.S.D.A., and the Sunday Evening Buffet Committee are investigating for possible anti-trust violations.



THE WYOMING SIX

In Superior Court, the Wyoming Six (six ounces of ground beef on a sesame bun) asked for a mistrial as a result of today's announcement.

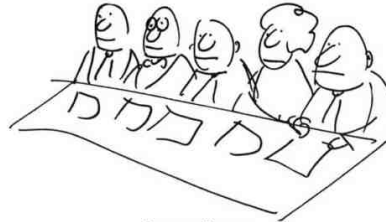


PEACH OR PEAR WITH COTTAGE CHEESE SALAD SAYING GOODBYE

C.B.S. News reported that Peach or Pear with Cottage Cheese Salad had announced their retirement.

THE BREAKFAST LUNCHEON MERGER CAPER (2 OF 2)

On the West Coast, meanwhile, a countermove is developing. Sandwich Platter, a board composed of Ham, Liverwurst, Cheese, Egg Wedge, and Potato Salad, met in secret session for three hours. It is widely believed that they are negotiating with the Denver Omelettes. Coach of the Omelettes, Texas Grits, could not be reached by reporters.



SANDWICH PLATTER

L.R.—Ham, Liverwurst, Cheese, Egg Wedge, Potato Salad



CLAM CHOWDER
WITH HIS LAWYERS

At a news conference in Washington, Clam Chowder and Soup of the Day said the action by Crab Louis and Ranch Ham and Eggs Any Style was a clear violation of their (the Soups') civil rights, and they would fight. Shrimp Sandwich on French Bread had no comment.



SOUP OF THE DAY
READING A STATEMENT



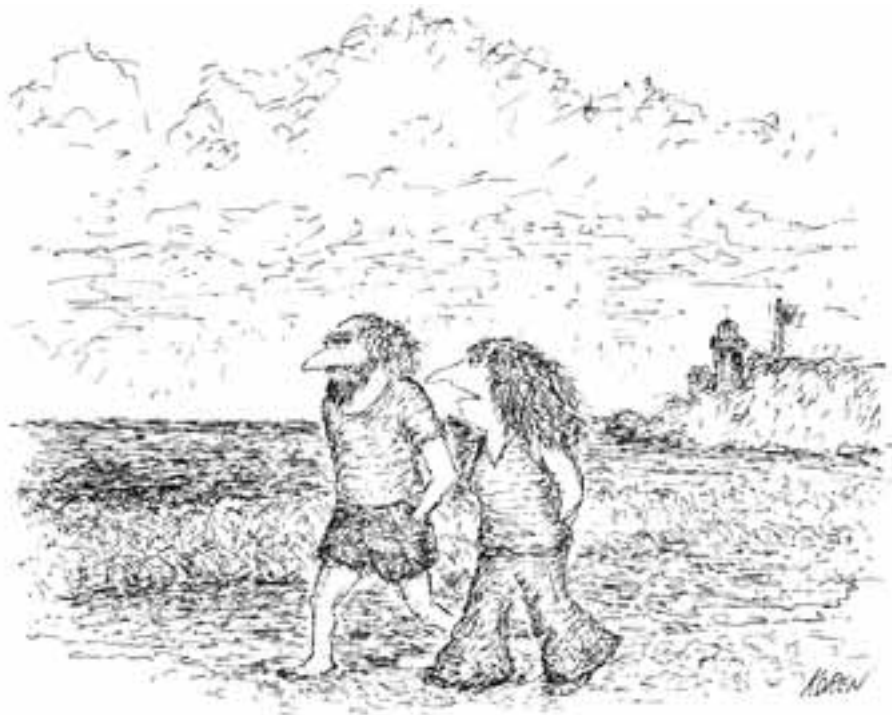
SHRIMP SANDWICH ON FRENCH BREAD
GLIMPSED LEAVING THE EMBASSY



BEVERAGES

The beverage scene is confused. Pro-merger drinks at this hour appear to be in the majority. They include Coffee, Tea, Buttermilk, and Sanka. Anti-merger forces are led by a Carafe of House Wine and a Half Litre of Rosé. Soft-drink sources say they are polling their members, while Ovaltine and Tomato Juice can't seem to make up their minds.





*“I do think your problems are serious, Richard.
They’re just not very interesting.”*



"I'll tell you who we are! We are the Friends of Central Park."



*“Well, now here’s a new approach. It’s addressed
to Troubled Citizen Occupant.”*



“Gee, Mr. Martinson! Determining which issues have growth potential while simultaneously working to provide your clients with a reasonable annual yield is most certainly creative.”





“‘Yours very truly.’ Underline the ‘very.’”



"They either have more taste than money or more money than taste, but I can never remember which."

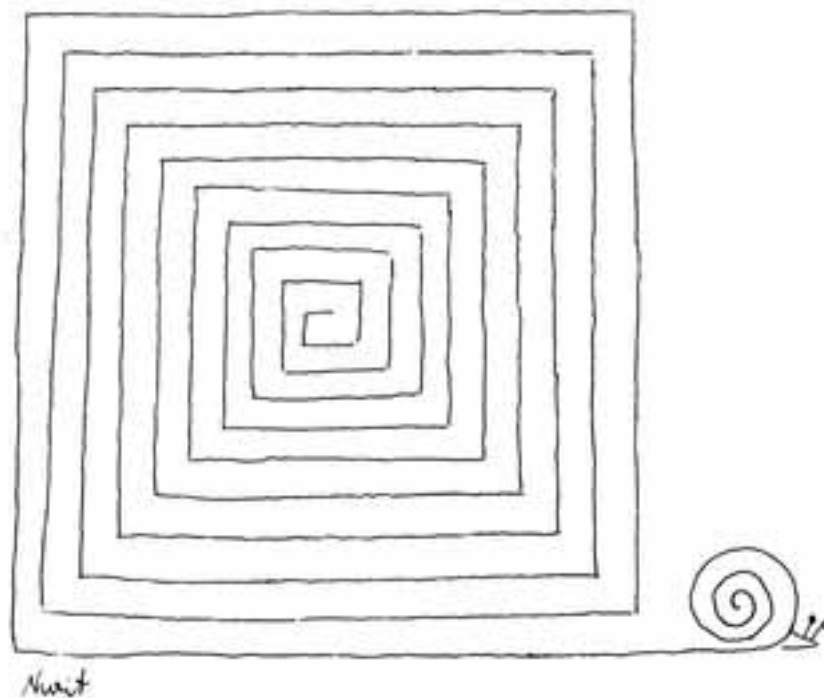


*"To you, my dear. In twenty-seven years you've
never stepped out of character."*





*"Would you mind turning down your damn alpha waves
a little? I'm trying to read!"*





*"I'm so sorry you've been inconvenienced, Wotan.
I just naturally thought when I said 'God' that I
would get—you know—Jehovah."*



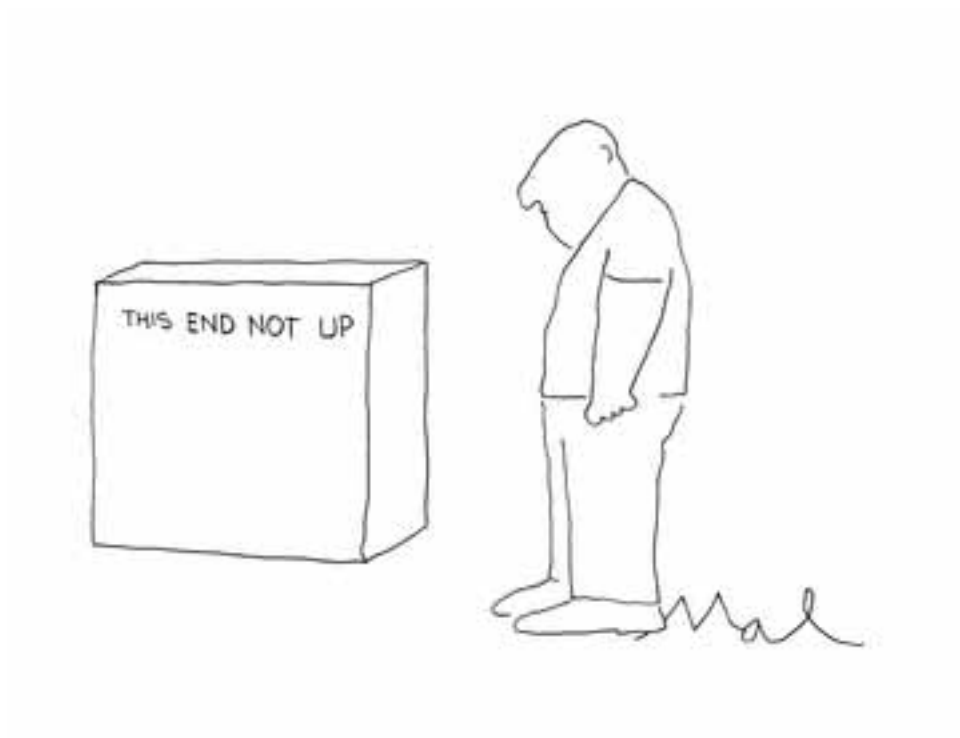
*“Say, Dad, is it true you were born before jet airplanes,
the atomic bomb, TV, and everything?”*



“The metropolitan news was depressing, the national news was depressing, and the international news was depressing. That leaves it all up to Dr. Frank Field.”



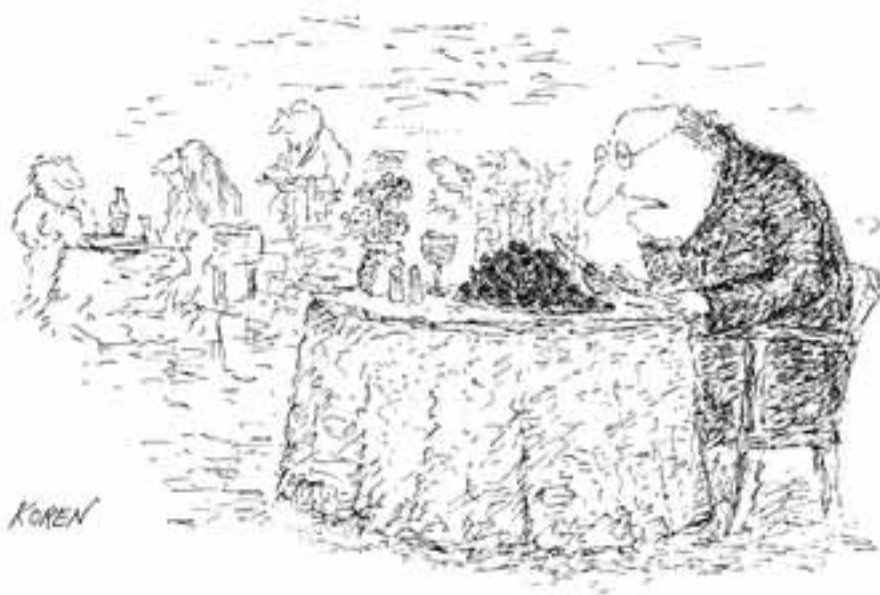
“Good God! I said I was sorry I called you a mutt!”







*“Was it a ‘ittle putty tat?
'es it was. It was a putty!
Tum tum tum!
Tum on, pwetty putty,
tum det on Mommy’s wap.”*



“You are an affront to the palate.”



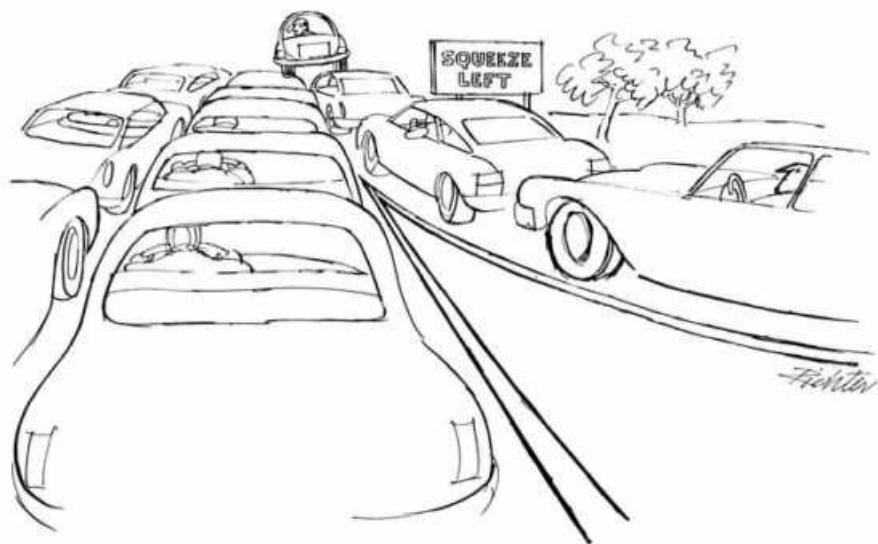
“Which economist makes a lot of sense this week, Albert?”



*"Sorry, but we're trying to keep an open mind
until after we finish therapy."*



*“On the other hand, twenty years ago you wouldn’t have seen
Laurence Olivier doing a TV commercial.”*





*“If I may say so, sir, we all admire the way you’ve achieved
megalomania without losing the common touch.”*



"It was either lower our sights or forget the whole thing."



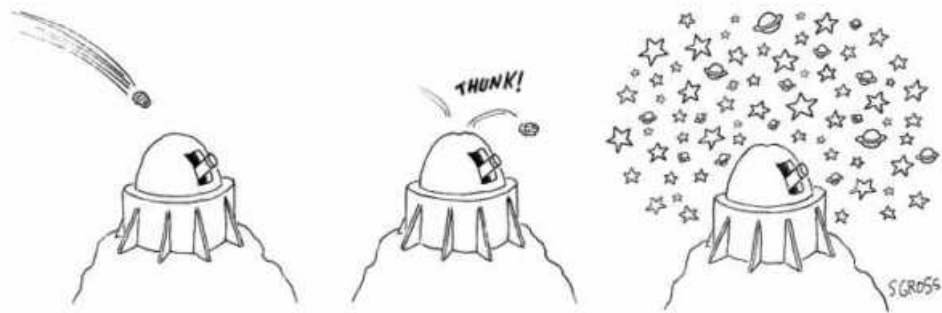


*"It's been moved and seconded that we have ourselves frozen
and come back to take over in 2074."*





"What do you mean, I'll drink to that"? I didn't say anything."







"I'm afraid the Nixon experience has been too much for you."



“Hi! This is a recording. Please leave your name and number right after you hear my impersonation of Al Jolson singing ‘Swanee.’”



"Look, Granddad, a have-not."







"I don't suppose you'd be amenable to anything this evening."



"I yield my remaining thirty seconds to my distinguished colleague with the porkpie hat."



“‘War or Peace.’ My, what a catchy title!”





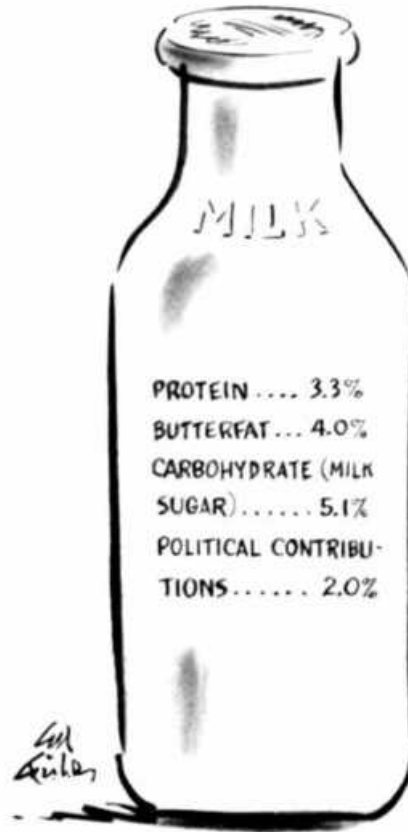
"I mean, God, Philip, what if he doesn't really like Tabby Treat but is only eating it so we'll feel less guilty?"



“Well, I think there’s more to life than having a terrific backhand.”



"Here he comes—the Voice of America!"



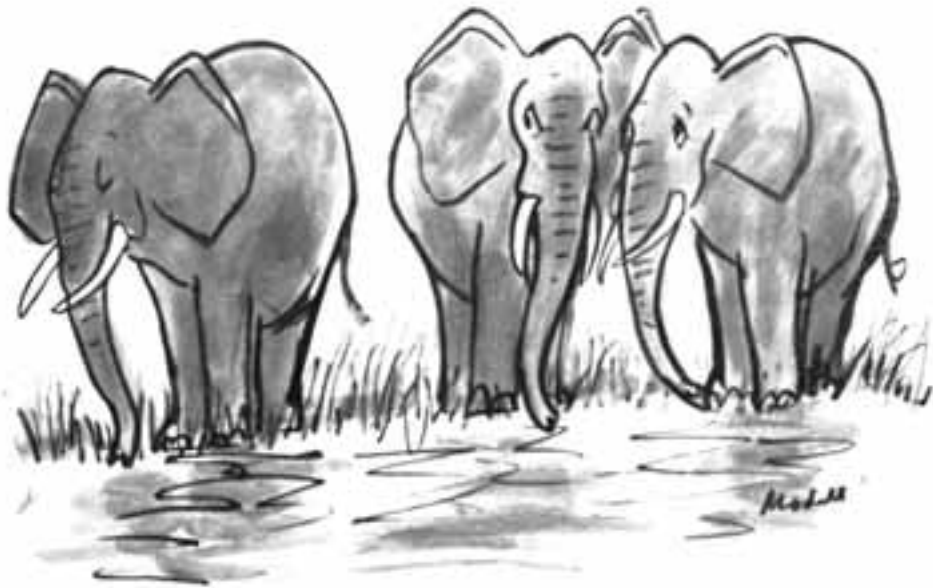


“When Harold Bigelow said, ‘The sky is the daily bread of the eyes,’ all you could come up with was ‘Yes, it’s always seemed that way to me, too.’”





“Perkins here is one of my foot soldiers.”



“You know the type. Remembers only what he wants to remember.”



"I mean, like, don't you think it kind of weird to get electricity from our windmill-powered generator and then use it to watch reruns of 'I Love Lucy'!"



“Attention, Mr. Bargain Hunter: One pair Arctic snowshoes, one genuine coonskin cap (medium), and one complete set of the World’s Most Honored Music by Longines Symphonette. Will sell or swap for samurai sword, Luftwaffe staff uniform, or other World War II memorabilia.”









“And another thing, Herb. If you think I enjoy sitting here morning after morning listening to you rattle off your damn cost-per-thousand projections, you’ve got another thing coming!”



"The given around here is he's the cat's meow."



William Steig (8/19/1974)

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"Aphids on the heliotrope!"



“And how nice it is to run into you folks. I don’t believe you’ve ever met my family. This is my sullen and resentful wife, and these are my sullen and resentful daughters and my sullen and resentful sons.”



“Basically, all your nations—and this includes Communist China—would rather be Los Angeles.”



“Lucy Mae, did you ever sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me?”





“The guy just ahead of me got the last Sunday ‘Times.’”



"I closed a three-hundred-thousand-dollar export deal. You had Mrs. Muncie polish all the silver. I see we both had a productive day."



Jack Ziegler (8/19/1974)

[Return to Main Menu](#) ►



*"Could you please take this back? My boss
just invited me to Benihana."*



"Beg pardon, sir, but I couldn't help noticing you were spiritually bereft."



*“Something tells me, Ferguson, that you’re not making me
this offer because of my great big baby blues.”*







“Well, you can’t change human nature. There always have been, and always will be, interminable peace negotiations.”



“And this is Genghis Khan, the backbone of the organization.”



“Isn’t it nice, Harry, that we can sit here together for a whole evening and not feel we have to make conversation?”





*“Mr. James, I wonder if you’re aware that we have an understanding
with the Unfriendly Collection Company.”*



*"This is my spokesman, Harold W. Mulcahy. He
will handle your questions."*



“Why don’t you sing, weave, paint, sculpt, compose, or something?”



“Grayson is a liberal in social matters, a conservative in economic matters, and a homicidal psychopath in political matters.”



“Nothing serious, gentlemen. I dropped a gold bar on it.”



*“Apartment 6-B, 310 West Sixty-eighth Street,
New York. Zip Code 10023. 212-695-9445.”*



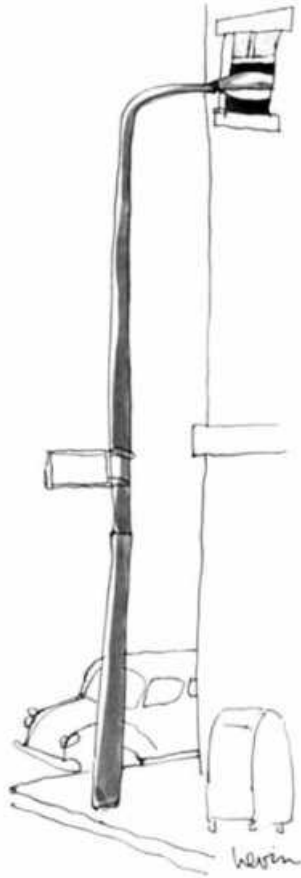
"I'm leaving the firm, sir, because of normal attrition."



*“Are you just going to sit there and let
that bully kick sugar all over us?”*



*"Trees are made by gods like me, but only a fool
like you can make a poem."*





"So far, she's only powering the cabaña."



“Actually, he’s afraid of us, but his inability to deal with his fear makes him angry. Anger is something he can deal with.”



E. SUBITSKY

CINEMA EAST SCHEDULE

TITLES	9:37
"WELL, GOODNIGHT HELEN."	9:41
"NIGHT, MARGE."	9:42
SCREAM	9:43
"WAIT A MINUTE, MARGE. DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?"	9:44
"JUST THE WIND, I GUESS."	9:46
SCREAM	9:47
"THERE IT GOES AGAIN!"	9:49
"...I GUESS."	9:50



*“Poor Rogers is always looking for the bright side
when there isn’t any bright side.”*



"How time flies! It was just thirty years ago tonight that you first ran me a hot bath—right here in this very tub."



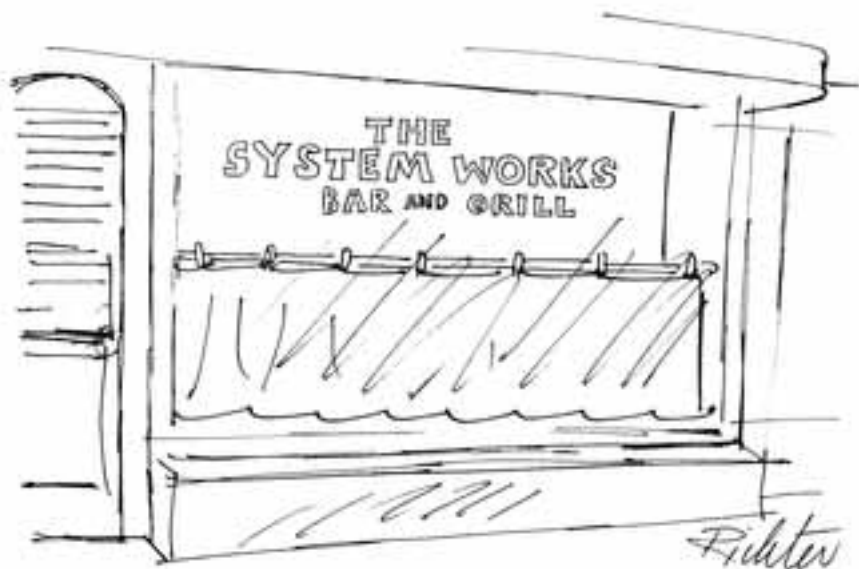
*“Oh, I still think you’re a great clown,
Olaf. You’re just no fun anymore.”*

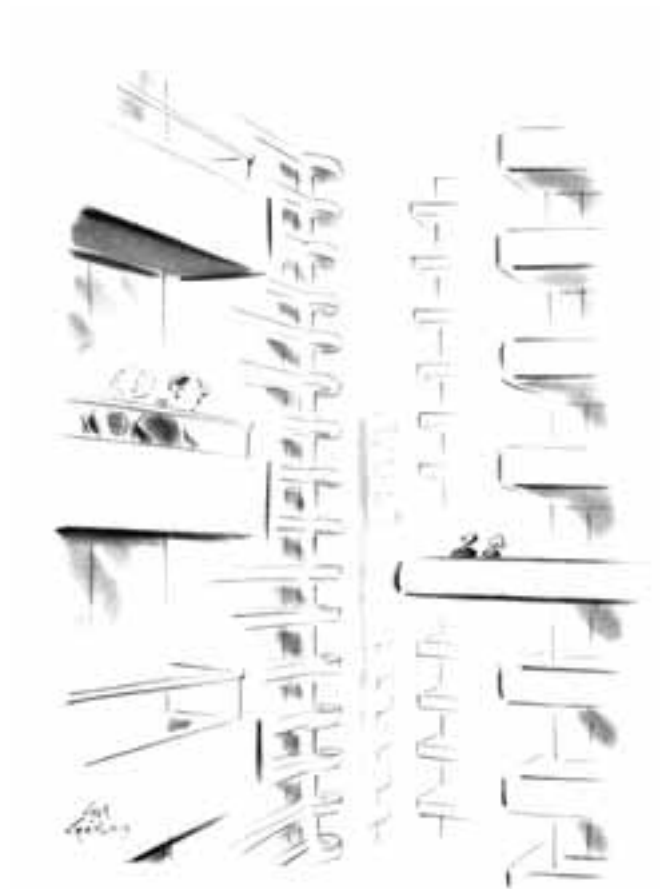


"I thought you were a bit tired on strip mining, but when it got to the West Side Highway, you were superb."



"I'd like you to meet Peter Harrington. He's a nonprofit corporation."





“Who the hell are they?”



“Well, it’s finally happened! The conventional wisdom is my wisdom!”





"My rival is the sea."



"I'll give it to you straight, Benson. We don't think you're maximizing your potential."

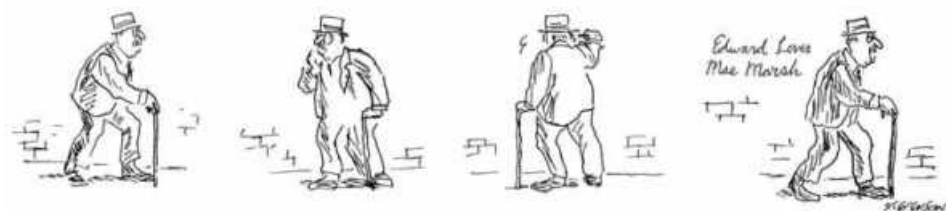


"Now, don't you worry your head about our blue chips and this little nest of ours, Margaret. I have a firm hand on the tiller."





*“Gee, Al, that’s the first time I ever heard
‘Tennessee Birdwalk’ played on the trombone.”*

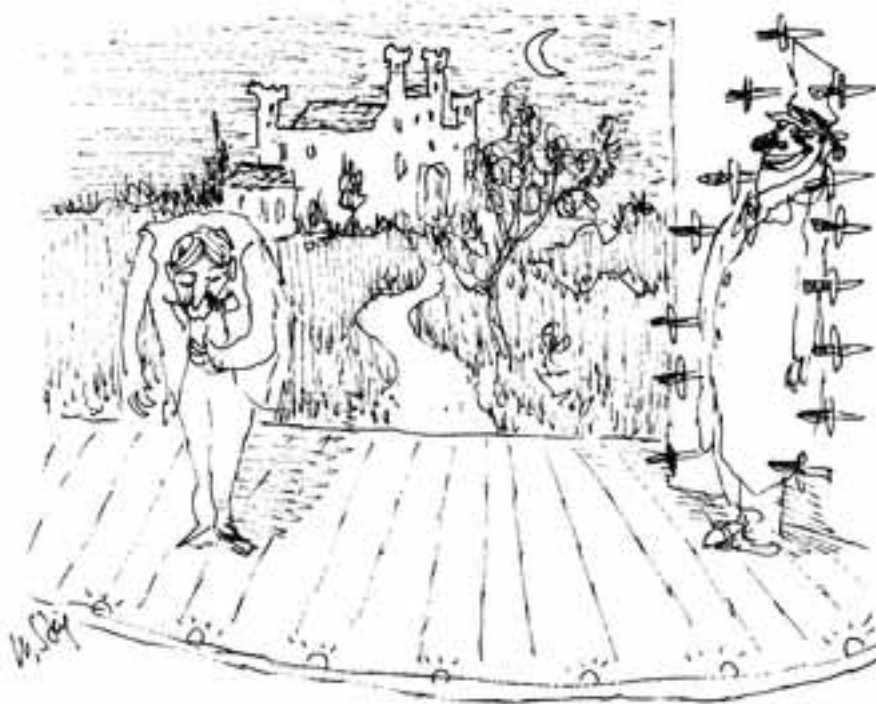




“Well, he certainly eats like there’s no tomorrow.”



“Confound it, Miss Avery! Where is my stamp of approval?”



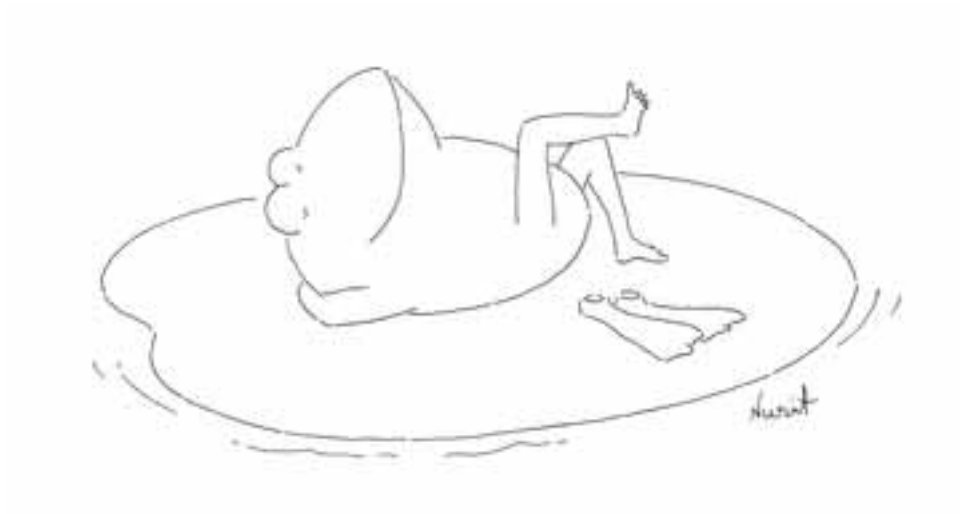




*"In eight months, you two will have the strongest
architectural statement in the Hamptons."*



"We're invited to a come-as-you-are party."

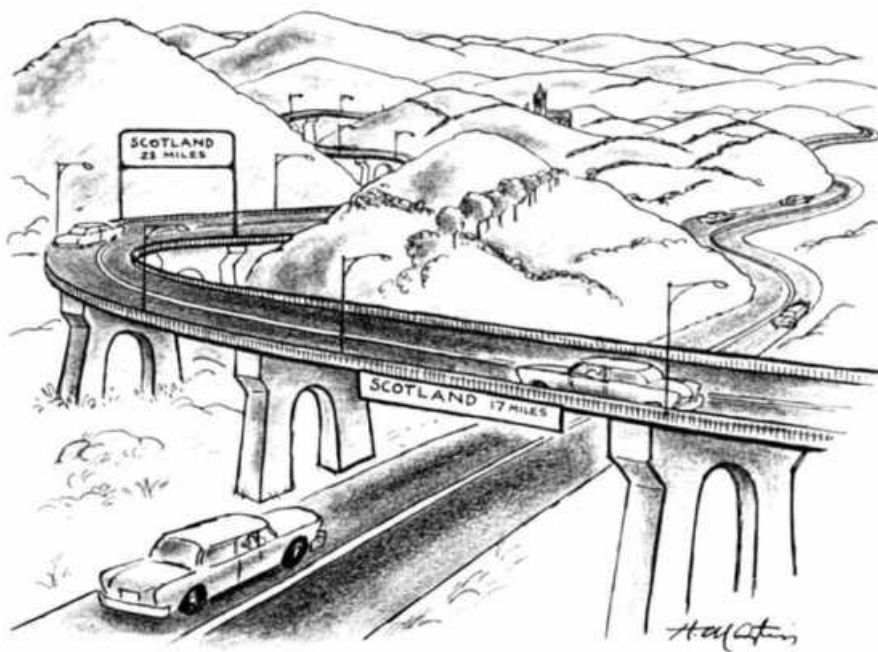




"The President of the United States of America makes his own breakfast."



“So, you see, it’s mainly a matter of timing and footwork.”



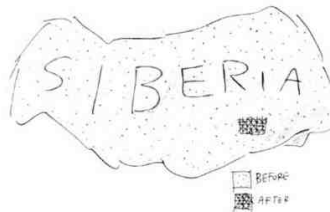


*“You settle this, Ernie. Is life a director’s
or a writer’s medium?”*

THE SIZE-LIMITATION TREATY (I OF 2)



EARLIER THIS WEEK, THE NON-ARMAMENT SIZE-LIMITATION AGREEMENT WAS FORMALLY SIGNED BY THE NUCLEAR POWERS. ALTHOUGH IT SPECIFICALLY DOES NOT DEAL WITH WEAPONS OF WAR, THE TREATY WILL LIMIT THE SIZE OF ALMOST EVERYTHING ELSE, AND THIS, IT IS HOPED, WILL EVENTUALLY LEAD TO A SCALING DOWN OF WORLD ARMAMENTS.



UNDER THE TERMS OF THE TREATY, RUSSIA HAS AGREED TO REDUCE THE SIZE OF SIBERIA TO EIGHTY ACRES, WHILE THE UNITED STATES WILL PUT NEW JERSEY DOWN TO THREE CITY BLOCKS. CHINA HAS ALREADY BEGUN TO DISMANTLE THE GREAT WALL, WHICH WILL BE SHORTENED TO 1.8 MILES. THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILROAD WILL BE CONVERTED INTO A PORTAUTEK RUN TO VLADIVOSTOK.

GREAT BRITAIN HAS PROMISED TO SHORTEN "THE CANTERBURY TALES", AND CHINA WILL SHORTEN HER HISTORY. THE UNITED STATES, MEANWHILE, WILL SHORTEN THE WHEELBASE ON THE CADILLAC ELDORADO.



THE SIZE-LIMITATION TREATY (2 OF 2)

THE DALLAS-FORT WORTH AIRPORT WILL BE SCRAPPED. IN EXCHANGE, CHINA WILL REDUCE THE GIANT PANDA TO EIGHT INCHES, AND RUSSIA WILL DONATE SVERDLOVSK TO THE LOUVRE IN PARIS. SKEPTICS SAY THIS MAY NOT WORK, BECAUSE THE LOUVRE IS COMMITTED TO CLOSING DOWN EIGHTY-FOUR ROOMS IF THE UNITED STATES SHORTENS THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. REGARDLESS, NEXT FALL'S MONTGOMERY WARD CATALOGUE WILL BE ONLY SIXTEEN PAGES, AND SPEECHES IN MOSCOW WILL BE LIMITED TO TEN MINUTES.



TOTAL CAST

THE UNITED STATES, BY REDUCING THE SIZE OF THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC, WON A CONCESSION FROM THE U.S.S.R. WHICH WILL LIMIT THE BOLSHOI BALLET TO EIGHT PERFORMANCES A YEAR. FRANCE WILL CUT THE FOLIES-BERGEUSE TO THREE GIRLS AND A COMEDIAN.



THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC (REVISED)

REFLECTING THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS AGREEMENT, NOBEL PRIZES WILL, FOR THE FIRST TIME, OFFICIALLY RECOGNIZE SMALLNESS. A TEAM OF SCIENTISTS FROM SACRAMENTO IS EXPECTED TO WIN WITH ITS PLAN FOR A MINIATURIZED HOME-OWNERS' INSURANCE POLICY.



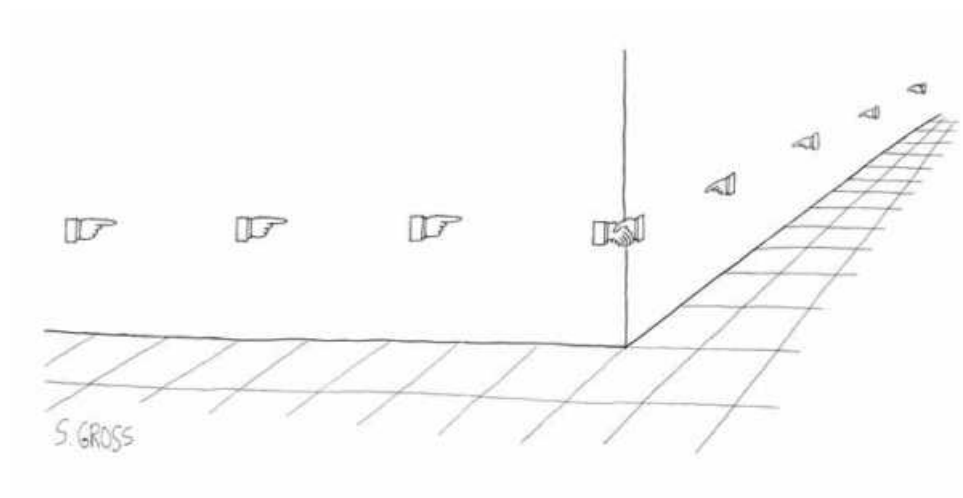
NOBEL PRIZE WINNERS?



“Look at Jack! He’s so sexy, now that he’s got his Ph.D.”



*“Oh, your husband’s in shrimp! Silly me.
I thought you said, ‘He’s a shrink.’”*





*"I see a substantial upswing in the economy by October, but
who knows? Maybe it's the Valium talking."*



*"I'm listening. Would you like to
finish any unfinished sentences?"*







“As if we didn’t have enough to contend with these days, it looks like another round with Old Pendleton and his seven-year itch.”



“His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Peelham and Weensberry has granted me an audience tomorrow. Work up a few zingers, will you?”



"I just love your voice. It's incredibly warm and sincere—honest-sounding. I'll bet you could make a pile doing commercials."





“... and blues are plentiful in Block Island Sound. Now, with a special report on stripers, here’s my colleague, Lem Witherspoon.”





*“According to you, I suppose, being a human
being is one big barrel of laughs.”*





*“Well, now, who will have a little water, who will have some plant food,
and who would like conversation this morning?”*



“Wetzel, we’re not pleased with your R.B.I.s.”



“For heaven’s sake, if you like vanilla, take vanilla!”



“Shall I leave the door open for further negotiations, sir?”





“Brian, this is Lars Kronquist. He’s a winner, too.”



"I say, Padre, would you like to perform a Christian act and fetch me a cracker?"

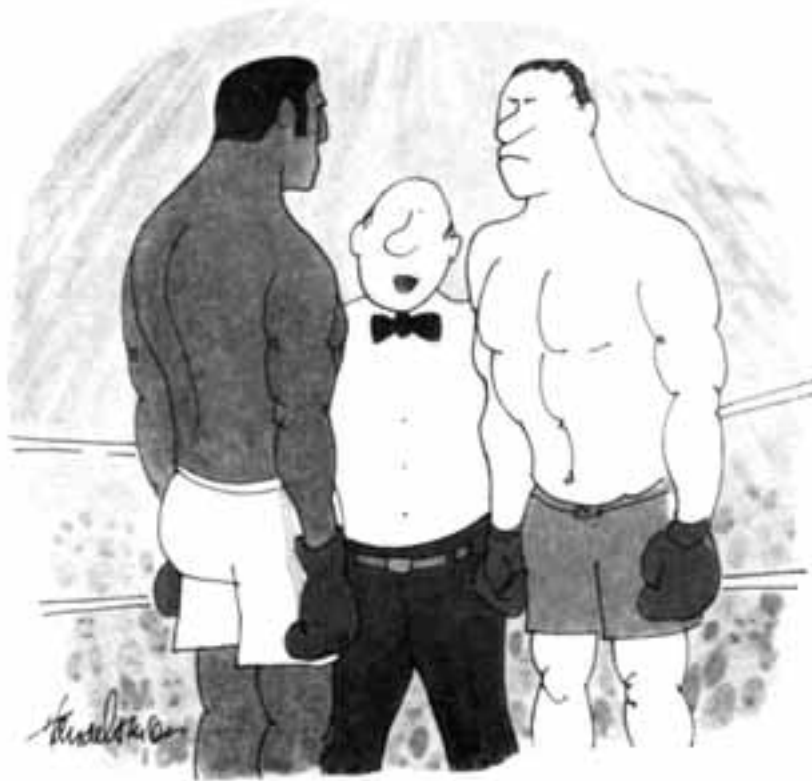


“Now, just what is it that has driven you into our clutches?”





"What's disgusting today, dear?"



"Well, that's all I have to tell you. Have a nice fight."



*"I don't need Secretary Butz to tell me when
to panic and when not to panic."*

MISSING MASTERPIECES (I OF 2)



Vincent van Gogh produced over eight hundred paintings in his career. At least thirty more were lost forever after some Impressionist friends in Paris asked van Gogh to join them in a game of tennis. Van Gogh took to the game immediately and became obsessed with perfecting his backhand. He practiced tennis every waking hour. When he couldn't find a partner, he banged balls off the back wall at Rue Lepic 54, breaking three windows and driving himself even deeper into debt. Later, at Arles, where Vincent moved to improve his game, he defeated Gauguin 6-3, 6-love, 6-1. Gauguin vowed never to play again, and, thank heavens, only a few minor sketches of *his* were lost. Fortunately for the art world, van Gogh strained his back trying to develop an American-twist service and, while recuperating, renewed his interest in painting.



Art historians have firmly established that two magnificent paintings by Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres (1780-1867) were never completed because Ingres got the camping bug. Ingres bought a tent in 1805 and spent the better part of the next three weeks trying to put it up. (It turned out that the factory had not included all the necessary hardware and, to confuse things even further, had put in an extra set of center poles.) Ingres was a fussy person and had to have *just* the right camping shoes, *just* the right cooking gear, *just* the right sleeping bag, and insisted on building fires in the regulation way. Classic art is the poorer for it, and, as Mme. Riviere remarked, "*Evidemment, tout cela est la faute du gouvernement!*" ("You cannot paint while slapping mosquitoes!")

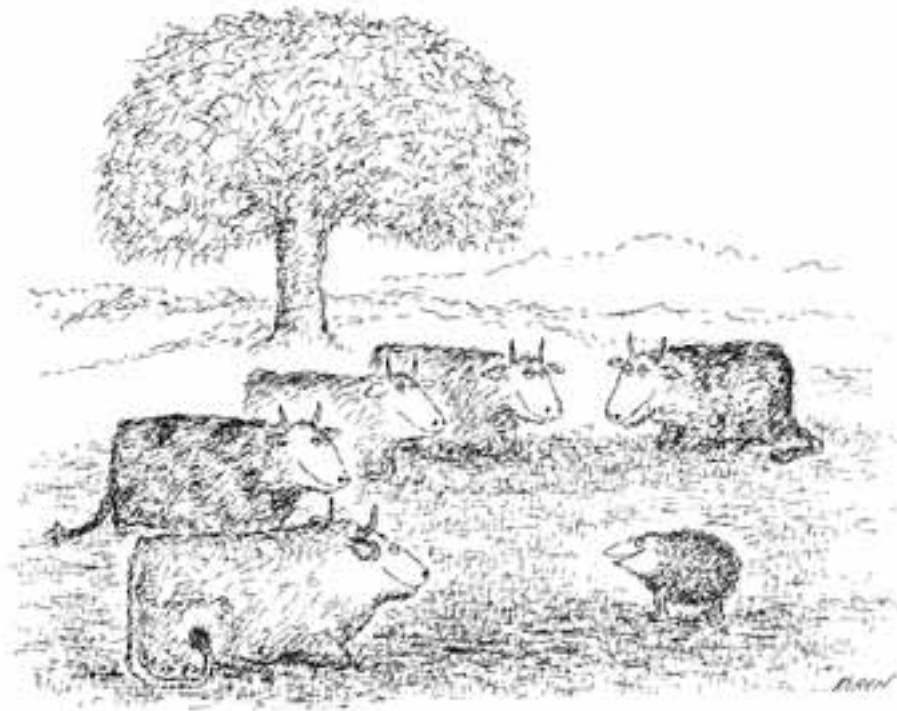
MISSING MASTERPIECES (2 OF 2)



It was a sad day for the world of art when Émile Zola presented, as a birthday gift, a motorcycle to Paul Cézanne. Zola and Cézanne tore all over the French countryside, with Cézanne driving and Zola riding in a sidecar, which the two friends fashioned from a box, a bicycle wheel, and a peach basket. ("Everything in nature adheres to the cone, the cylinder, and the cube," said Cézanne.) After they ran into a tree in the Bois de Boulogne, they lost interest in the machine and never spoke of it again. It was only then that Cézanne returned seriously to painting, but already six landscapes and one still-life were missing from his oeuvre.



The great Sandro Botticelli finished painting "Birth of Venus" in 1485, and since he had a few evenings free, he signed up for an adult-education course in italic writing. The class met 7:30 to 8:30 p.m. Wednesdays, and he ran into a friend there who was taking tide painting, which met 8:30 to 9:30, so he signed up for that, too. Before he knew it, he was registered for ballroom dancing, beginning guitar, bookkeeping, macramé, wallpapering, creative needlepoint, and slimastics. By the time the Florentine adult-education spring session had come to a close, the world was short three Botticelli masterworks. *Arx longa, vita brevis.*



“May I join your rumination group?”



*“Well, that wraps it up, folks. This is Jim Watkins,
signing off from the Senate cloakroom.”*



“Oh, yeah? Now get this, Mayberry. You go right back in there and tell that goddam shop steward and the rest of those knuckleheads to go straight to hell. Im running this operation, and I’m not in it for my health.”



“How’s Wayne’s retirement going, Lola?”



“What do you suppose happens when the stock market goes down to zero?”



"Morris, do you ever have erotic fantasies?"



“Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. The course is ‘The Roots of the English Novel.’ I’m professor Fowles, and I assume all of you can read and write.”



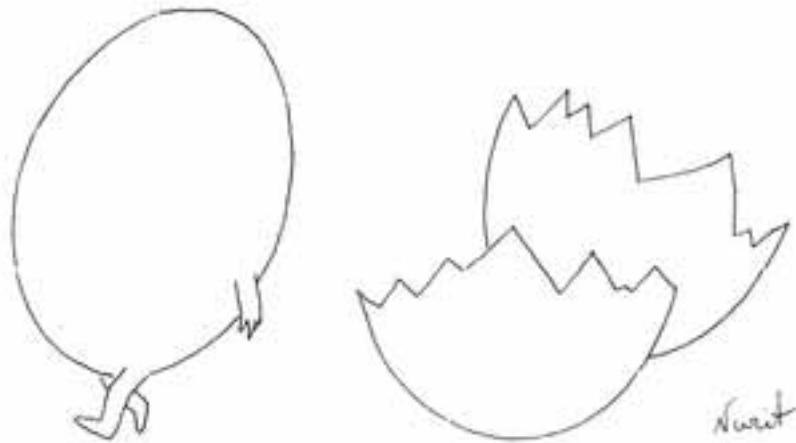
“Reign for a while, will you? I’m taking a nap.”



“Voilà! Le violon d’Ingres.”



"Look sharp. Here comes a goddam consumer."







“And now, for an encore, Scott Joplin’s ‘Sunflower Slow Drag.’”



"It seems like only yesturday I was on the verge of getting it all together."







"When I smile, my whole face lights up."



"And this is my puppet, Mr. Chichester."



*“... and your view is undisturbed by the
only eyesore in this lovely village.”*



“On my way home today on the bus, a lone grape rolled down the aisle and came to rest near my foot. It was pale green and looked to be of the seedless variety.”



*“Good day, Madam. I’m working my
son’s way through college.”*



"Isn't it fantastic? They take these plugs from the back of your neck and put them on top of your head, and six months later it's a whole new ballgame."



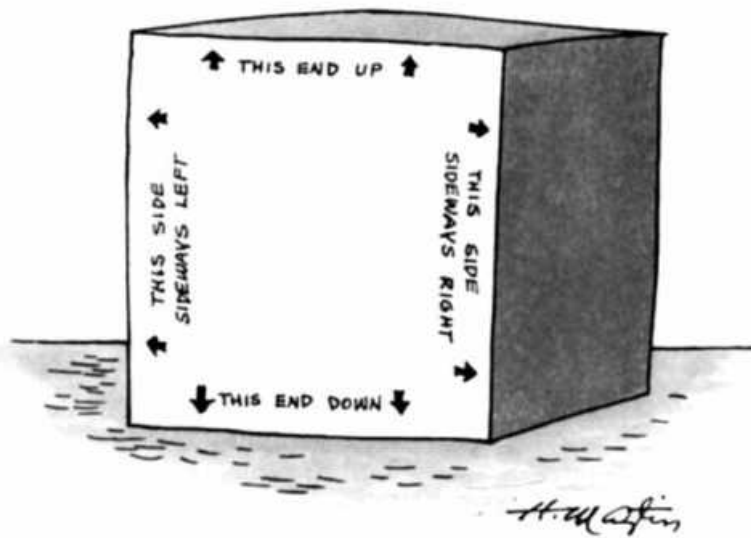
"Your water was terrible."

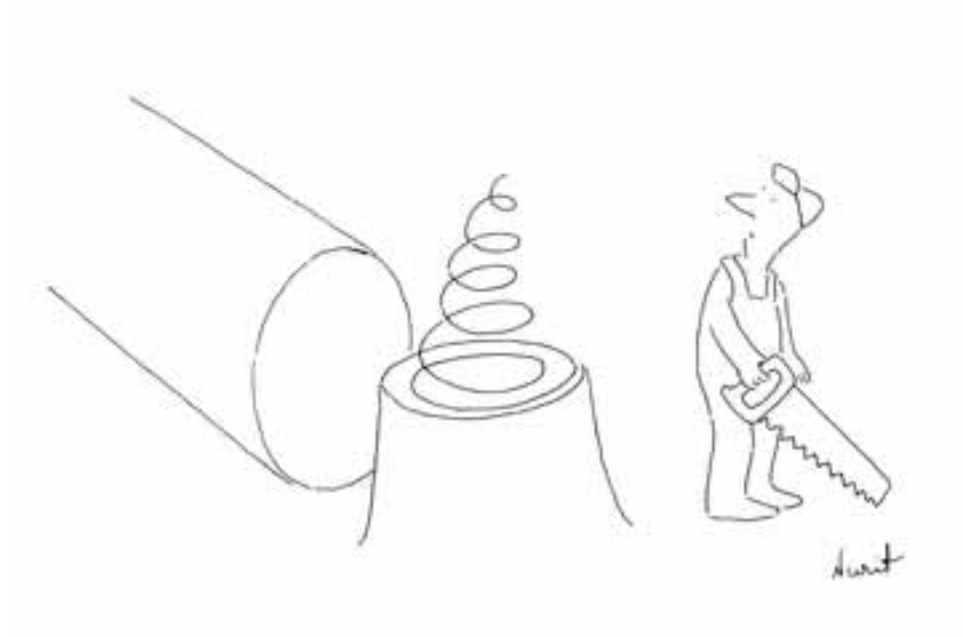


*“Do you think Nelson Rockefeller will still say ‘Hiya, fella’
to people like Valéry Giscard d’Estaing?”*



"I dub thee Mr. Nice Guy."



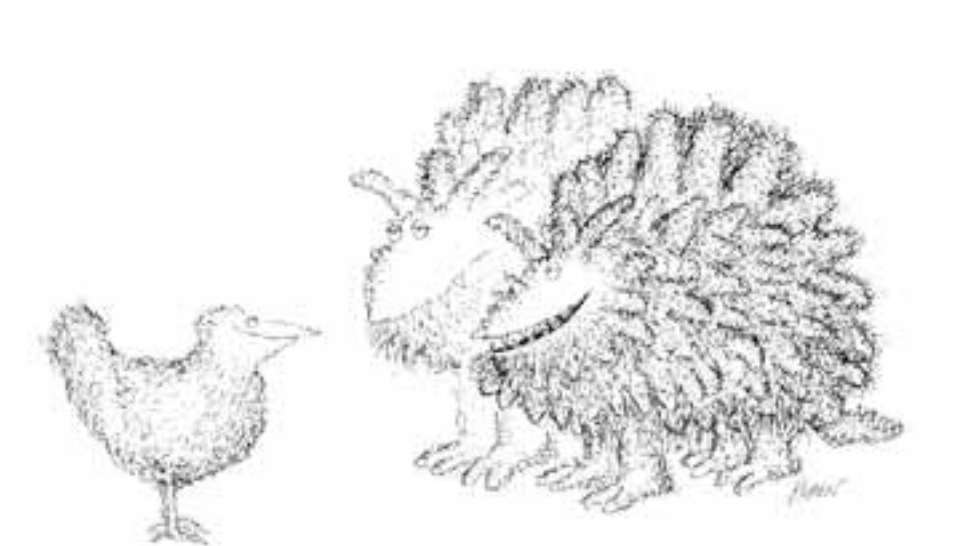




"That will be two hundred and fifty dollars."



“Let’s face it, Tom. A society that’s paying its Frank Sinatras and Johnny Carsons more than its yous and mes is out of whack.”



“We’ve decided not to have children.”



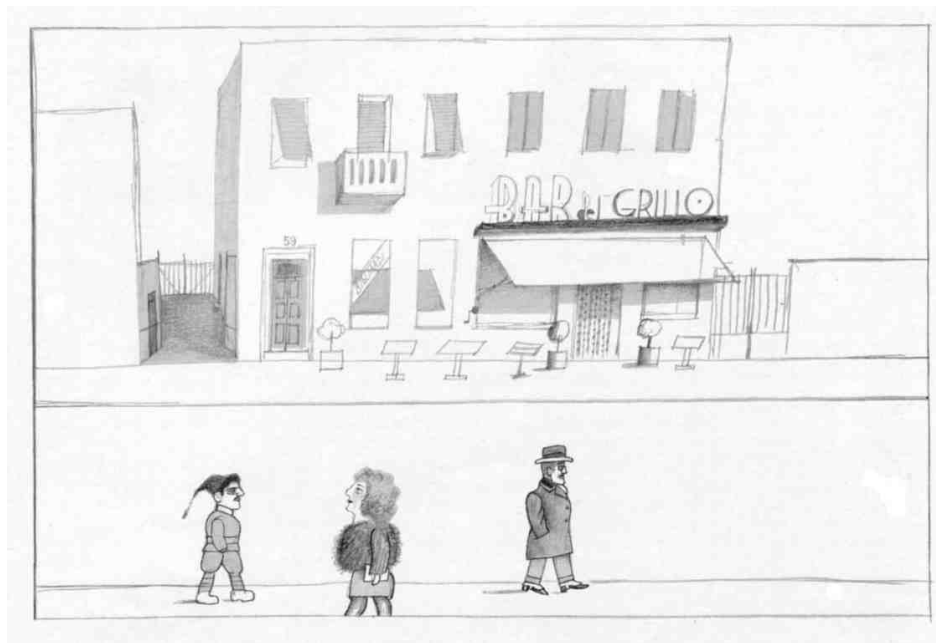
*"I just thought I'd let you know that
old baggy drawers is back."*



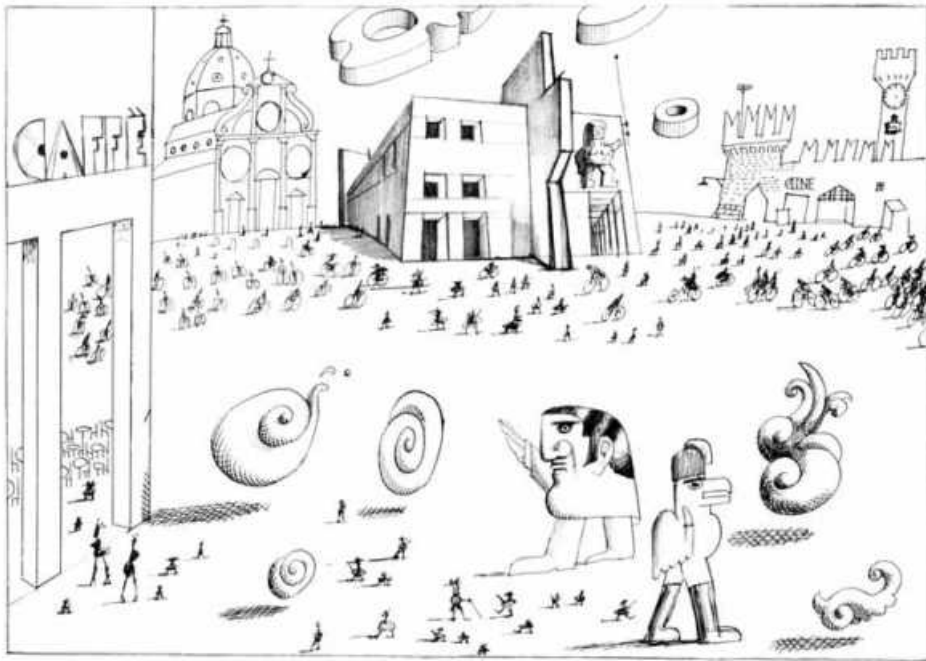


“See here, Emerson, whose data are you calling inchoate?”

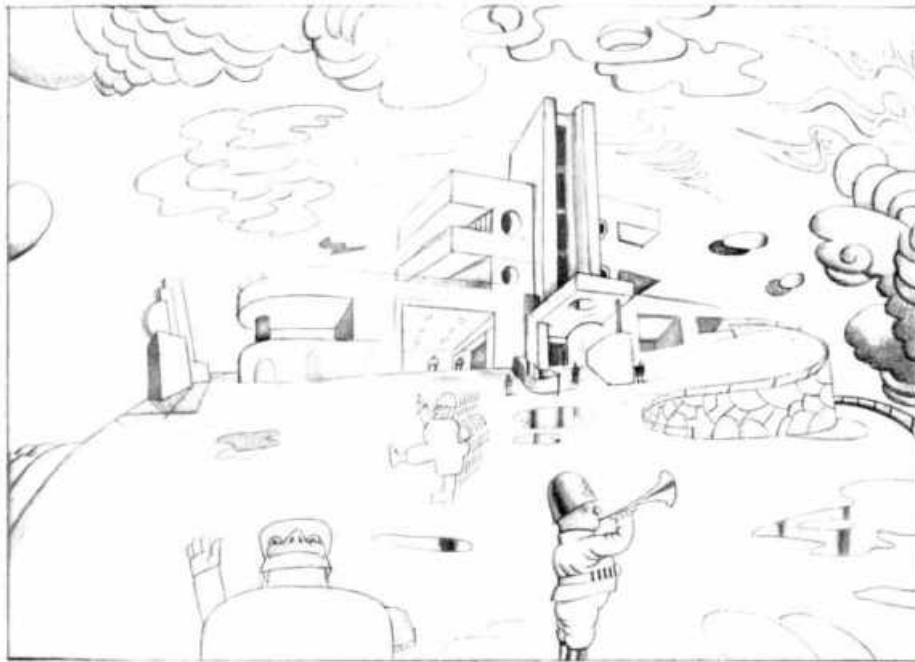
ITALY~1938 (1 OF 6)



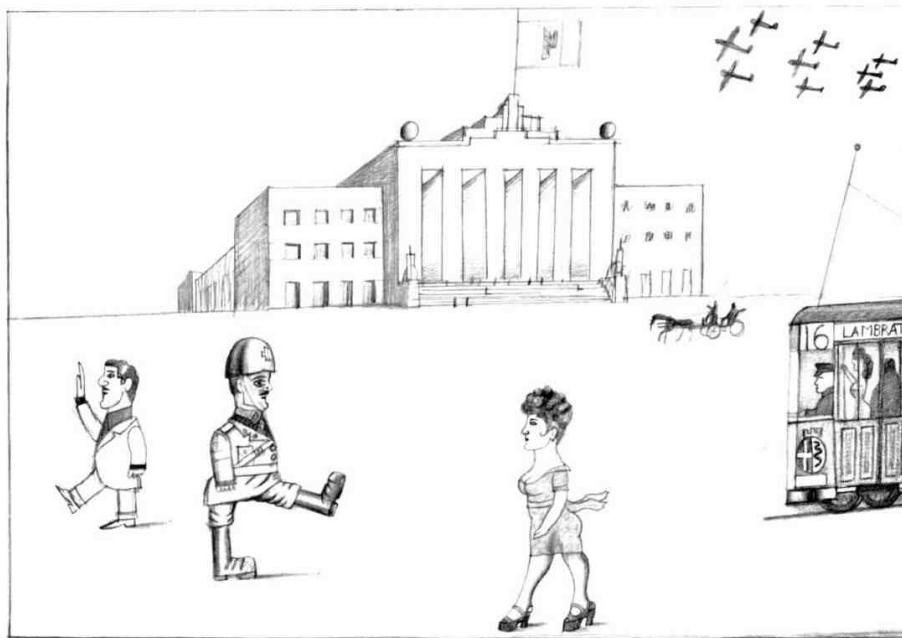
ITALY~1938 (2 OF 6)



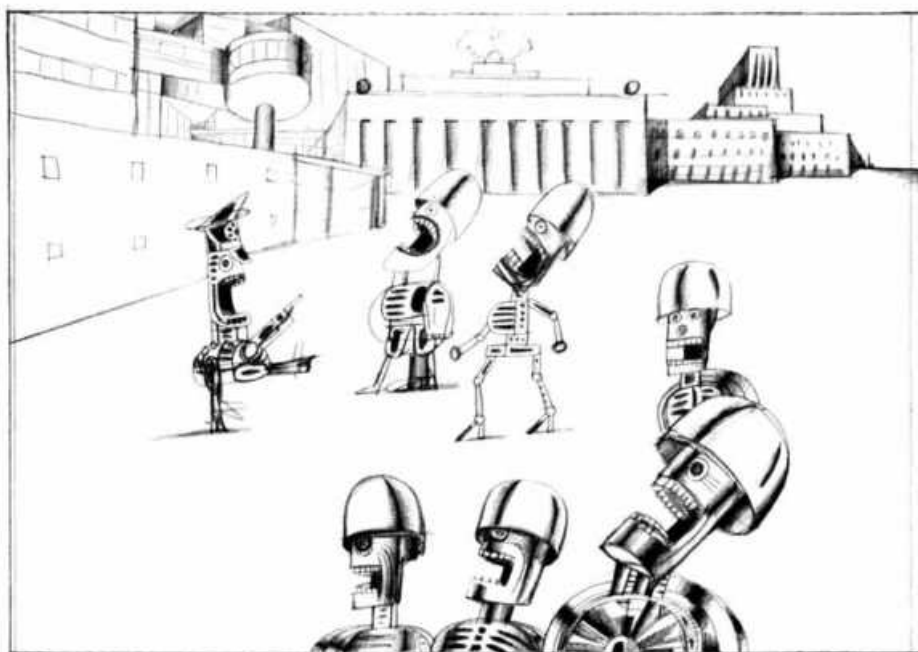
ITALY~1938 (3 OF 6)



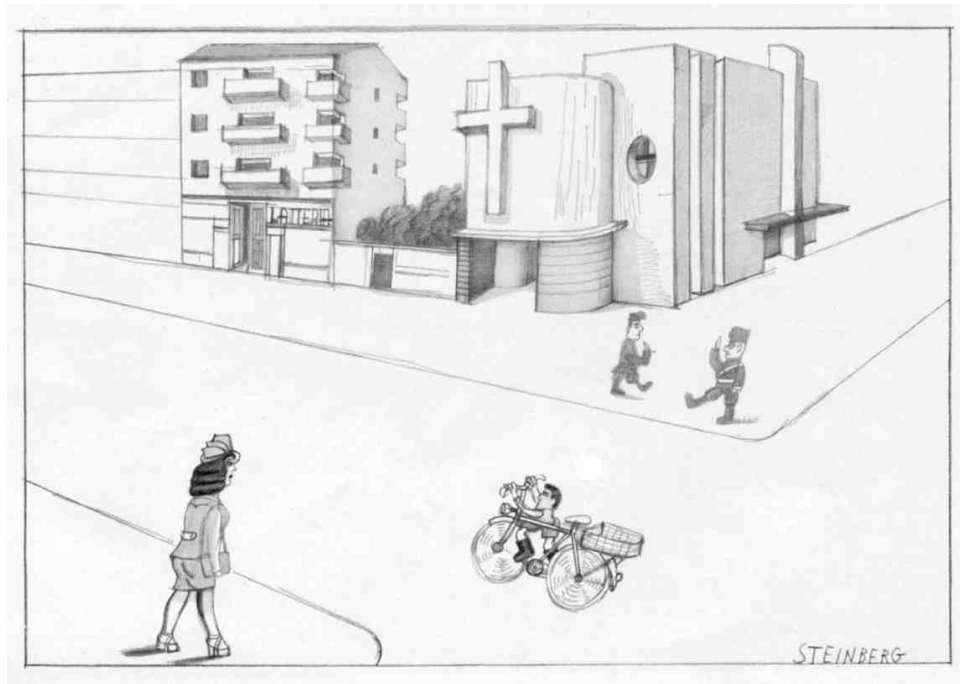
ITALY ~1938 (4 OF 6)



ITALY~1938 (5 OF 6)



ITALY ~1938 (6 OF 6)





"Filling Daddy's shoes is no job for a sniveller."



"Callahan, get off my coattails!"



"But I digress."





"The thing to bear in mind, gentlemen, is not just that Daisy has mastered a rudimentary sign language but that she can link these signs together to express meaningful abstract concepts."



“And yet another crackpot editorial about frogs croaking in the autumn stillness.”





"You'll like Charlie's. The bouncer has a glass jaw."



*"In these days, when it takes a great deal of money to live,
I feel damn farsighted in having a great deal of money."*



“Come in! Come in! The bills are on the desk with the overdue-mortgage and overdrawn-checking-account notices, the closed-out savings-bank book, the dunning letters, and the checks that bounced, and there are forty-three cents and a pawn ticket in my pants pocket. Help yourself!”



"At precisely three-forty-seven this afternoon my fire went out."



"Of course, I never knew if I was going to go to Heaven or to Hell, or what, but I never dreamed I would wind up in Limbo."



"Don't call us, and we, for our part, will not call you."



*"He's sworn to refuse any contribution over one hundred dollars,
but nobody's offered him that much yet."*



"I'll tell you what's missing from your game, Cowley—hate."





*"And you know who else was heavy? Charles Ives!
Charles Ives was very, very heavy."*



*“Looks like an admonition from the
President’s Council of Economic Advisers.”*

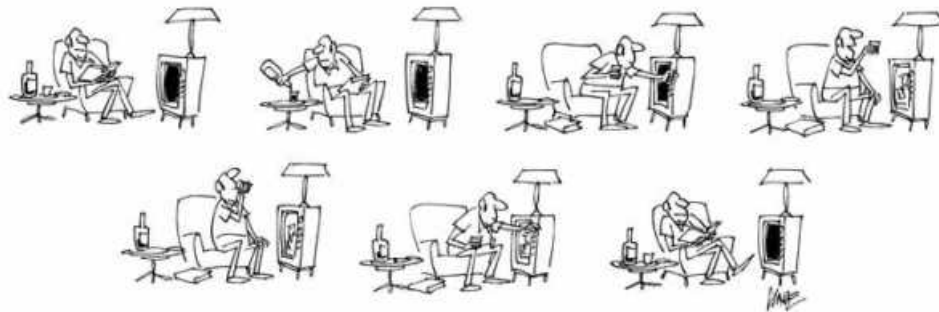




*“If you think you’re going to put it over the fireplace,
you’ve got another thing coming!”*



"I heard von Schleflin yell 'Eureka,' and then kerblam!"





*"About four months ago, he had a room added to the house,
and I haven't laid eyes on him since."*



“You mustn’t say things like that. Why, I’ll bet you’re even more fascinating now than you were in your prime.”



“Remember me, Miss Burns? Alvin Downs. You were my eighth-grade English teacher, and did I ever raise Cain in your class! I didn’t turn out so badly, now, did I?”



"Gosh, I'm sorry. I could have sworn this area was all wetlands last year."

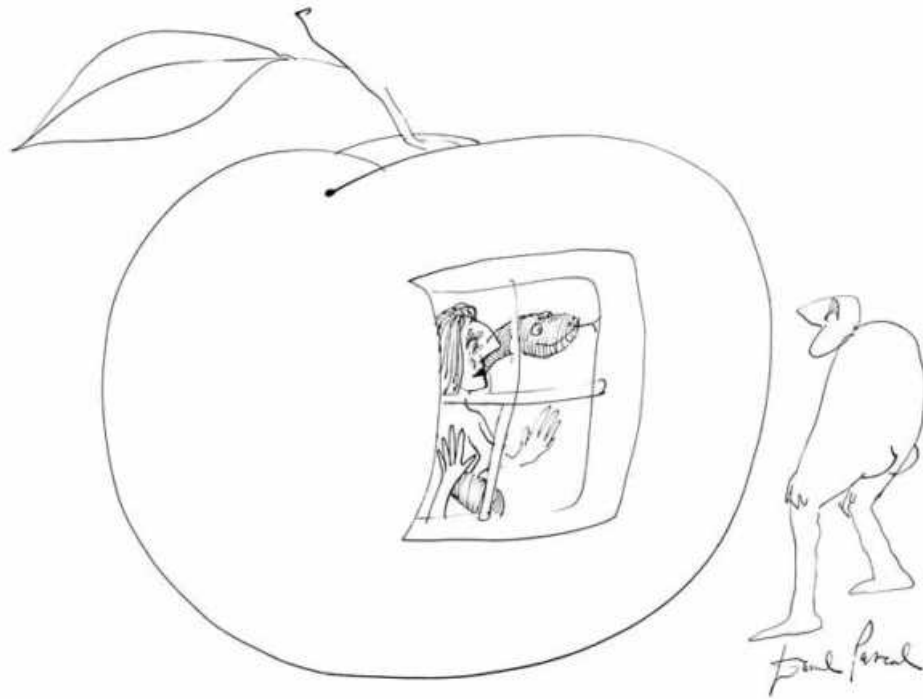


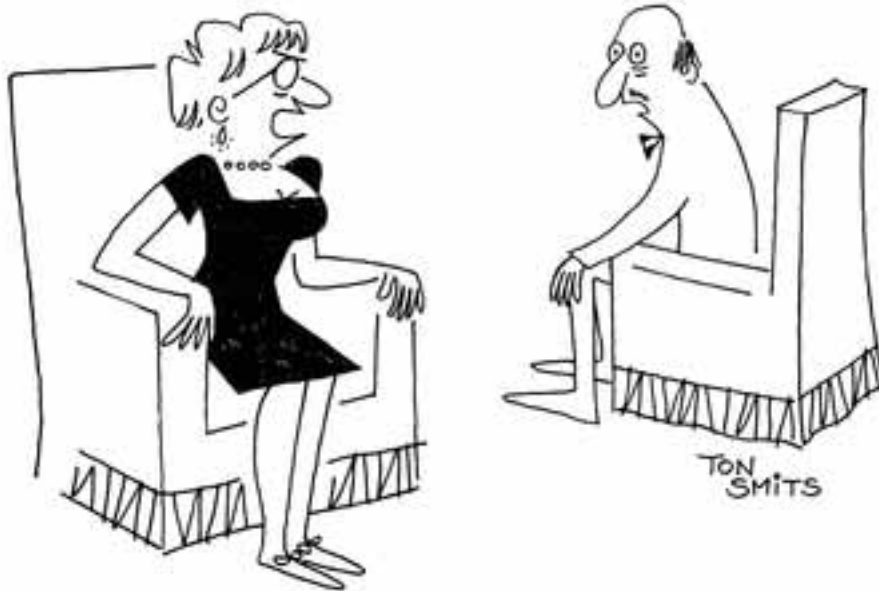
"You'll be all right, dear. When I get home, I'll move you into the sun. Now let me speak to the philodendron."



"I'd like an album praising Management."







"Oh, yeah?"

"No."



"The January issue comes out in October, the April issue comes out in January, the July issue comes out in April, and October issue comes out in July, but I don't have any of them."



"Do the liberals have a darling this year?"



*"I want more staccato from the clarinet, more pizzicato from the strings,
and less booze from the trombones."*



"Hutchinson, our association over the past twenty-three years has been for me, as I hope it has for you, a rare and rewarding experience. In that time, I have grown to think of you as not merely an adviser but as a wise and trusted friend. Although I say goodbye reluctantly, I cannot in good conscience ask you to forgo this opportunity to further your career. As a token of my continuing good wishes, a check in the amount of one million dollars is waiting for you on Miss Kendrick's desk. Good luck and farewell."

THE 1974 AWARDS (1 OF 7)



THE 1974 AWARDS (2 OF 7)



THE 1974 AWARDS (3 OF 7)



THE 1974 AWARDS (4 OF 7)



THE 1974 AWARDS (5 OF 7)



THE 1974 AWARDS (6 OF 7)

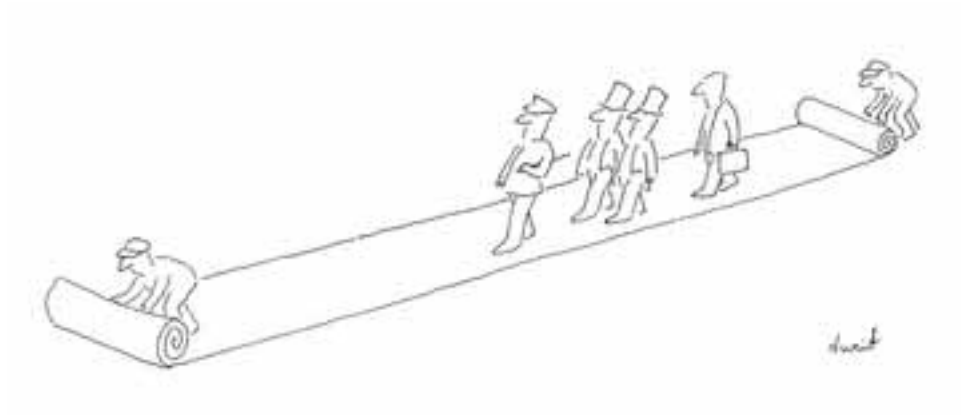


THE 1974 AWARDS (7 OF 7)

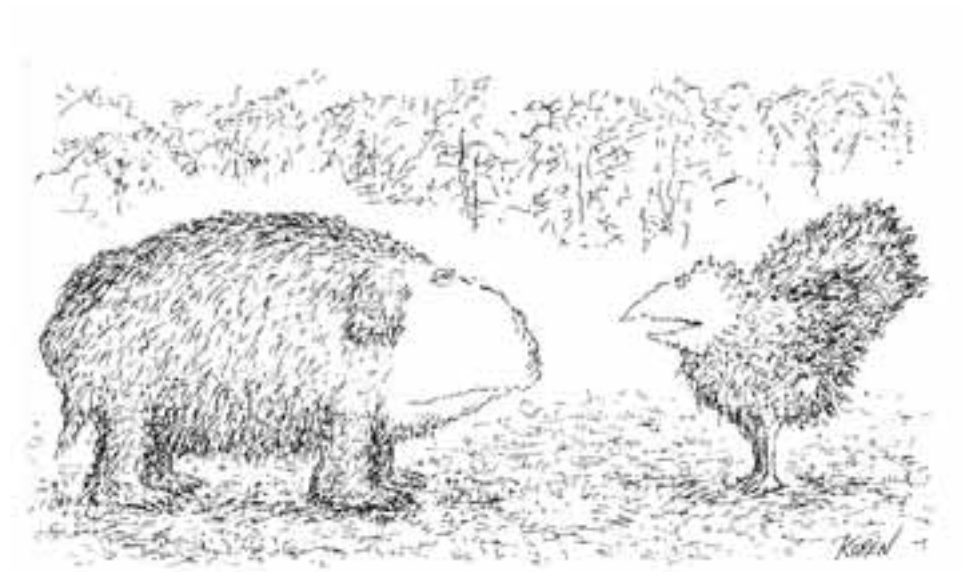




"I knew it! You had humanist written all over you!"







“Really, Susan! I never thought of you as the hysterical type.”



“Perfect, George. The only thing missing is you.”



"And if elected I promise to get reëlected."



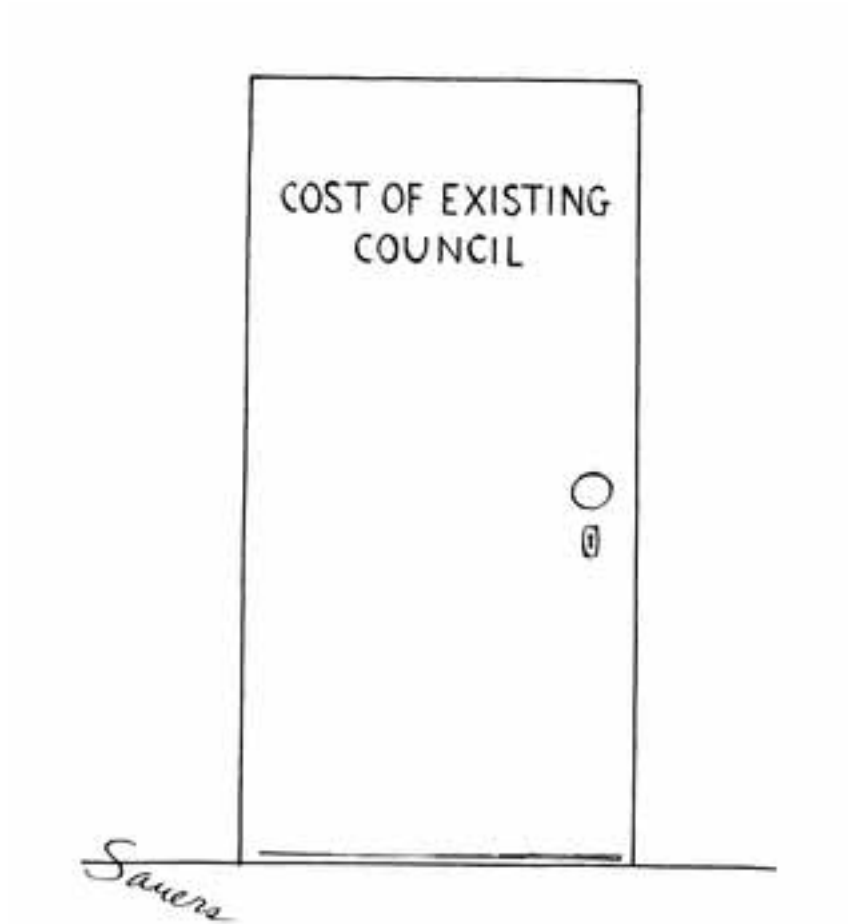
“Good news! I’ve got you out of utilities and into pork bellies.”



"The Warburtons are out. I'm the au pair."



“Is there someone else, Narcissus?”





"I can't decide whether to fish or cut bait."







"What did I learn in school today? Well, I learned that Paris is groovy, Mexico swings, and, although Ms. Beatty had a wild, far-out time in Montreal with that guy who picks her up at school on his motorcycle, she doesn't want to marry him."



*“... and now stay tuned for Varnum Hadley and the
Six o’Clock Bad News Roundup.”*



“At this point, the product smiles and says, ‘Good day, Mr. Froggie.’”





*"I don't know what I want to be, so I've decided
just to be para-something for a while."*



“Assuming you’re a mirage, I’m going to just crawl on by.”



"The prayer breakfast will now come to order."



*“Excuse me, but would you mind telling us where
you bought that terrific outfit?”*



*"I don't like six-per-cent unemployment, either.
But I can live with it."*





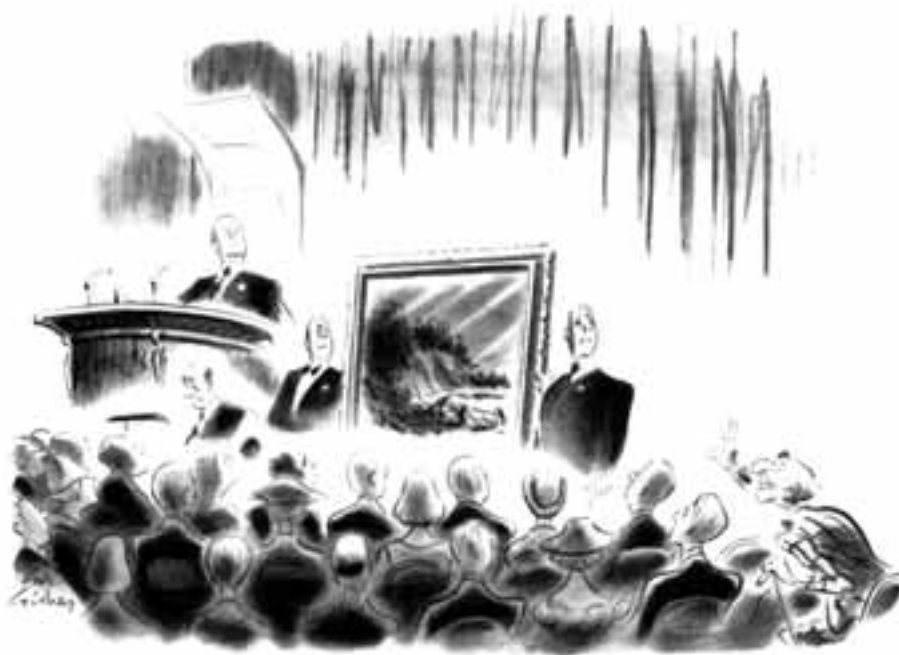
"911! 911!"



“Oh, I like reforms O. K., but not sweeping reforms.”



“So much for Plan A.”



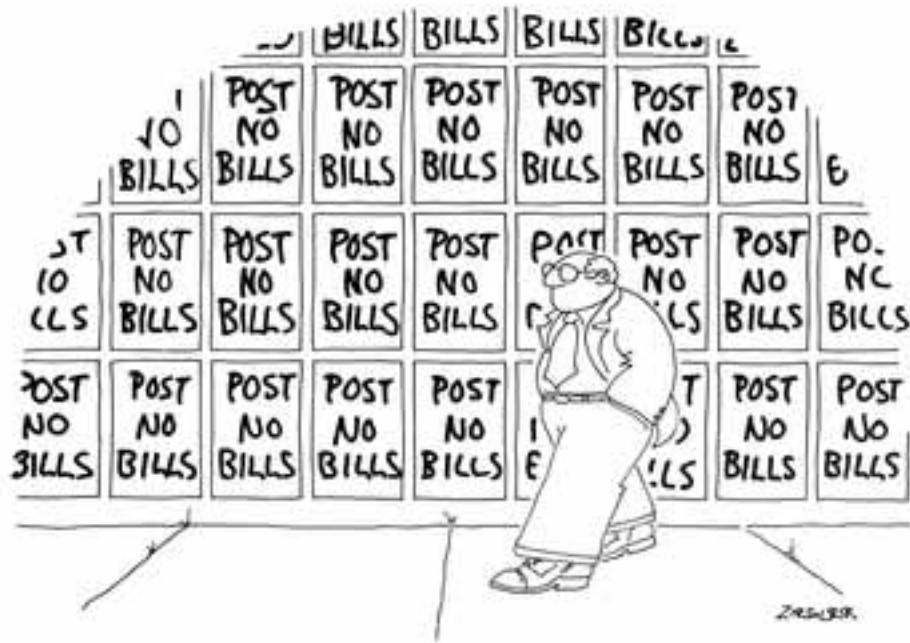
"One hundred smackeroos!"

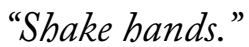


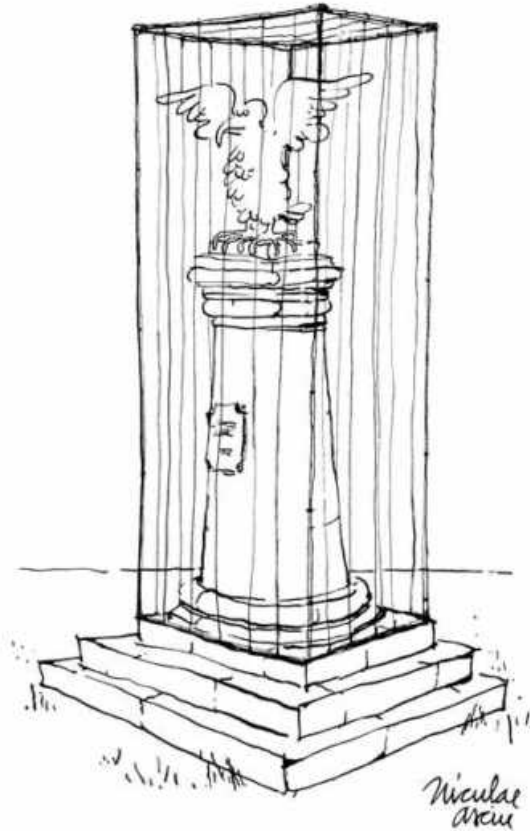
“But we never leave the country when we say we’re leaving the country.”



"But—but you can't fire me! I'm on my way up!"









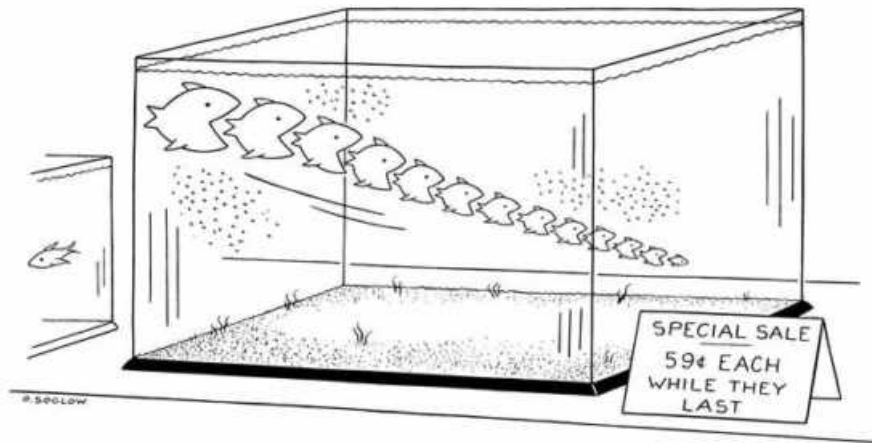
"Here come the representatives from the overdeveloped countries."



"Turn the page."



"Another thing. Let's lay off the health foods for a while."





*"No offense intended, young man, but for quite a number of years now
this corner has been considered our gig!"*



*"Now, before we get started, Ms. Fraser, would you lay on us
a microencapsulation of our last session?"*



"I understand he's pushing back the frontiers of the possible."





"Dad, can you let me have a hundred and fifty dollars until the first?"



"I'm wearing aviator glasses because I'm an aviator."

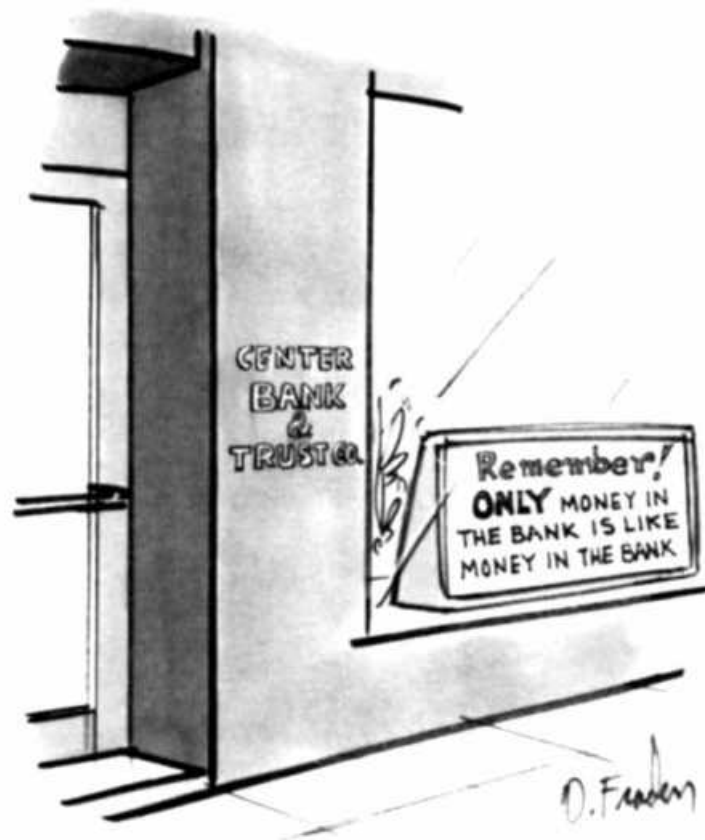


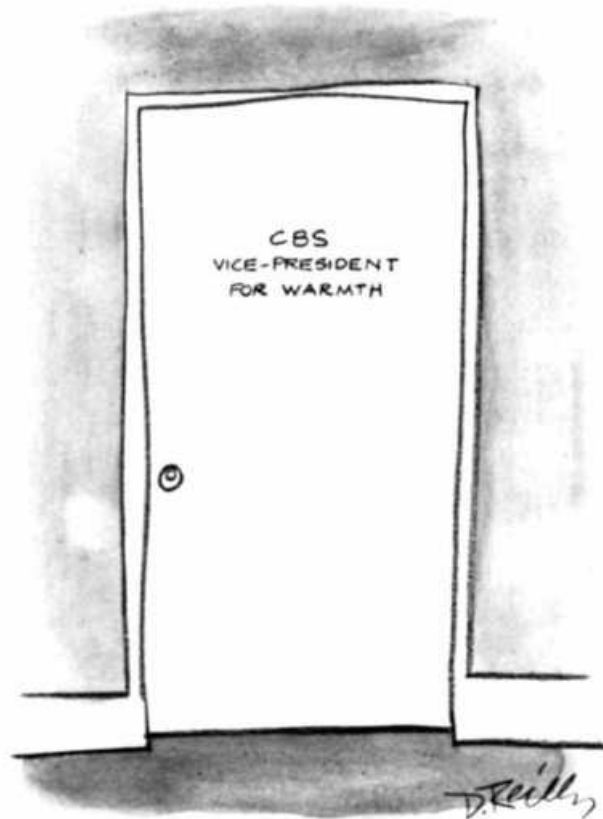
*“Frankly, I keep forgetting what I’m with—the F.T.C.,
the F.P.C., the S.E.C., the F.C.C., or the F.A.A.”*





*"Look at the bright side, Wilkinson. How many
men your age are in receivership?"*







“Listen, Mister, I’ll tell you the price of this car when I’ve finished my sales talk, and not one second before.”



"It's nothing, dear. A man just wants my opinion."



“Remember the year you didn’t pay any federal income tax? That was the year you were in the can.”





"We'll have been married forty-one years come Tuesday. Don't you think it's high time you showed your true colors?"



*“Frankly, Al, we feel it wasn’t your style, your platform,
or the people around you the voters wouldn’t buy.
What they wouldn’t buy was you.”*



“Well, it’s not your run-of-the-mill marching band.”



“Market research is merely what I do. It’s not where I am.”



"Our next speaker is a man depressingly familiar to everyone."



*"Louise? Henry.
Hare Krishna,
Hare Krishna,
Krishna Krishna,
Hare Hare,
Hare Rama,
Hare Rama,
Rama Rama,
Hare Hare*

Did I leave my wallet on the bureau?"



“Rhonda and I would never do this for anyone but Fellini.”



*“First let me introduce myself. I’m Craig Claiborne,
and this is Julia Child.”*



“Mr. Sturgis, your brains are here.”



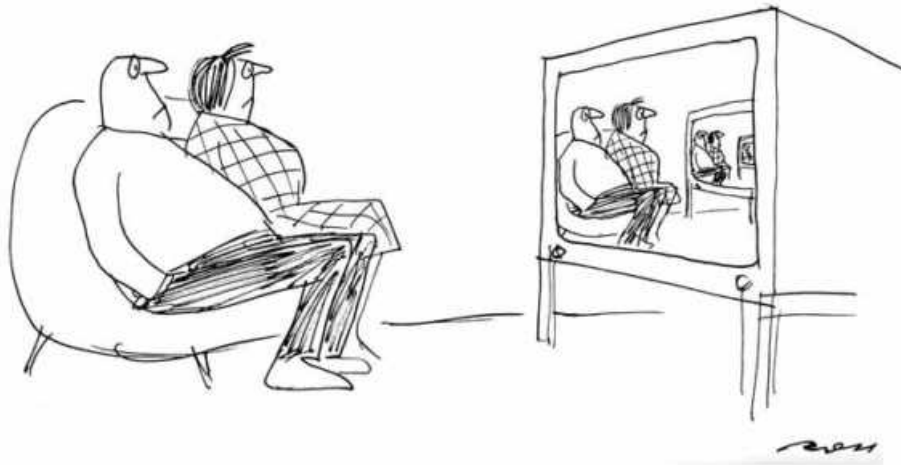
*“We’ll have your car ready to go in just a few minutes, Mr. Henderson—
soon as Tony finds your radiator hose.”*

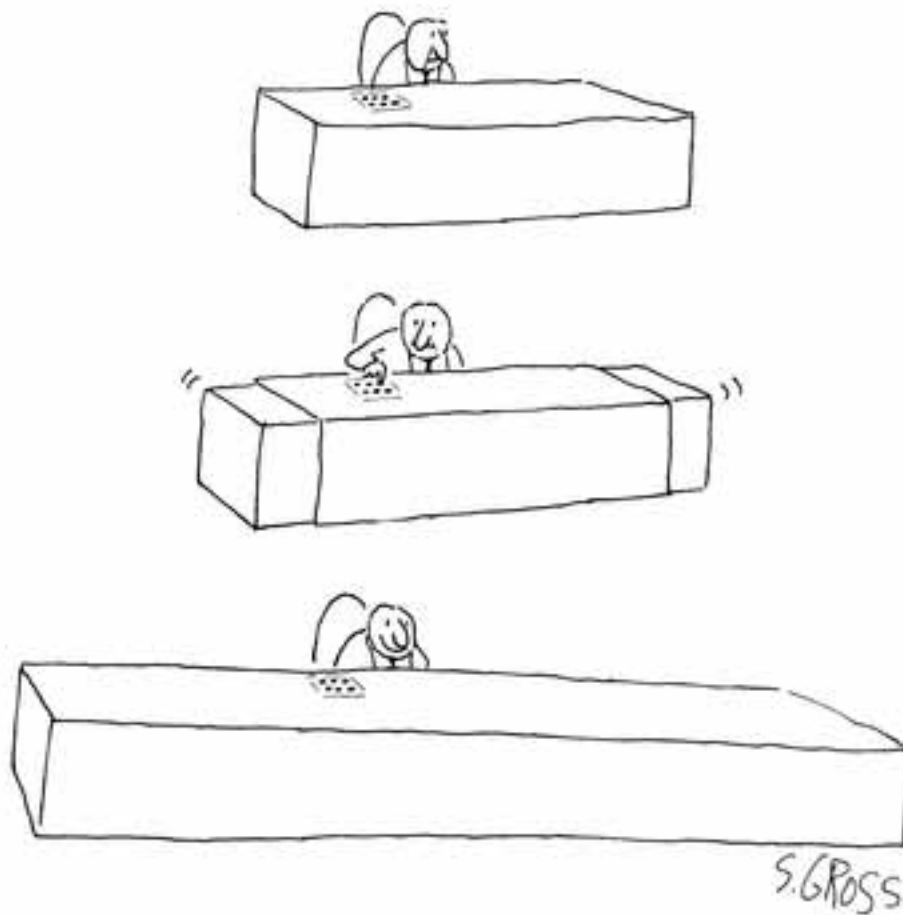


"Last I heard, he was living in a trailer camp off Route 212."

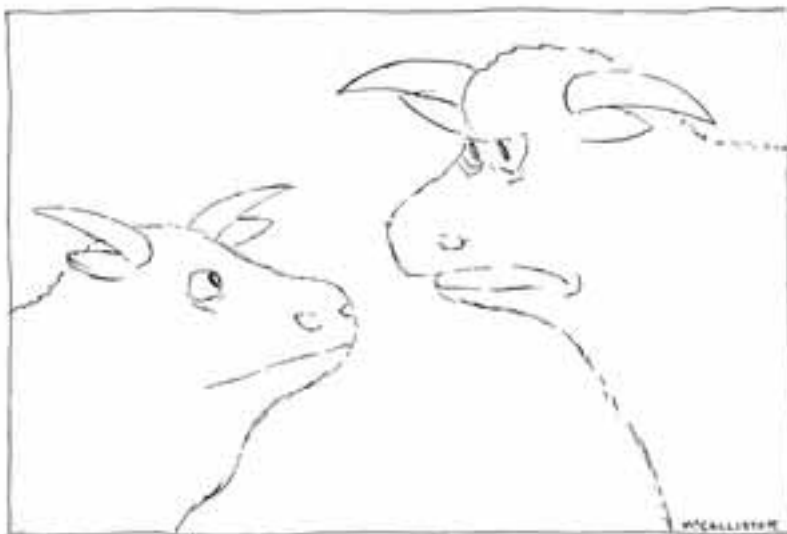


“So where do we spend this Thanksgiving? Your father’s place, your mother’s place, my mother’s place, or my father’s place?”









“And stop calling me Big Mac!”



*“Don’t kill him. This message is neither good nor bad. Just
take him out and work him over.”*





“Don’t give me that!”



*"I'll tell you what makes
him tick. Booze makes him tick."*



"None of them is it, but I don't like the looks of the one on this end."



“Come to think of it, we have a woman here in Perkins. How do you think the ladies might react to this marketing approach, Perkins?”



“Good evening. Mrs. Sloan Baker, Jr., sprains an ankle. The Honorable Herbert L. Jenkins changes a tire. Edna Mae Gibbons reveals a job change. Those are the headlines. I’ll be back with the details right after this important message.”



*"I hear they finally reconciled
their differences. They're getting a divorce."*



"I got the first three for only twenty-seven fifty. My sole obligation is to purchase six additional species from the dozens to be offered over the coming twelve months."



"They didn't give me a gold watch. They gave me a corduroy leisure suit."







"I'd like you to meet Marty Thorndecker. He's an economist, but he's really very nice."



“Our main bank is right near your home, and we have fifteen other handy branches with all the latest push-button systems. We’ll give you top interest rates and lollipops on your ‘rainy-day’ savings account. You can also have a safe-deposit box that no one but you is allowed to open. You’ll get free ‘stop-and-bank’ souvenirs, such as little silver Empire State Buildings and Abraham Lincolns. There is a brand-new playground next to your bank, and you’ll get a chance to win one of the grand sweepstakes prizes—hi-if stereo, color television, or two weeks for two in Mexico City.”



“Remember, Stuart. Love conquers all.”

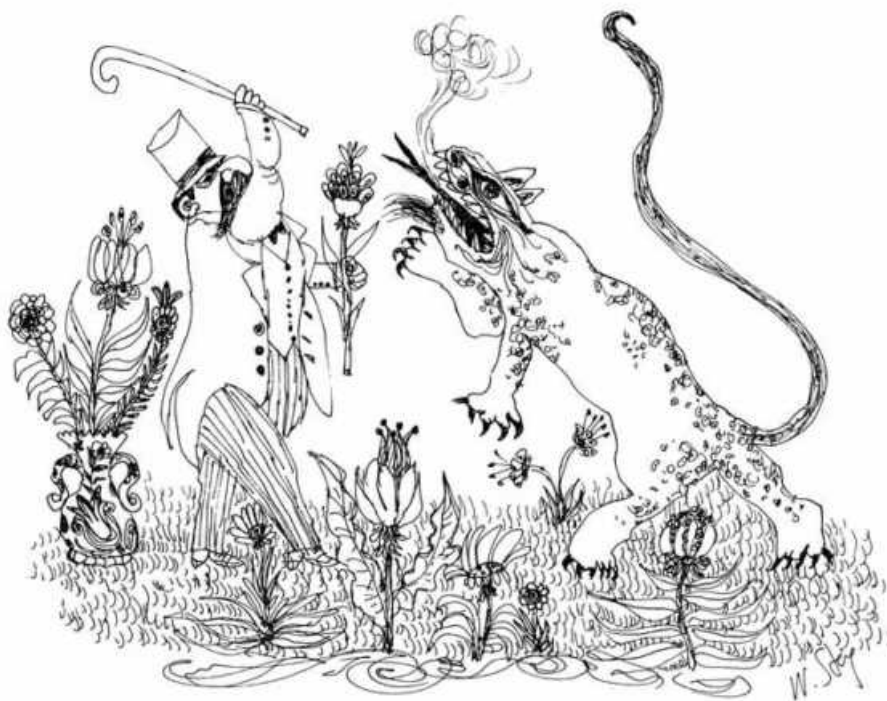




“Christmas cards. Do we want snooty, groovy, or holy?”



“Monsieur, may I suggest . . .”



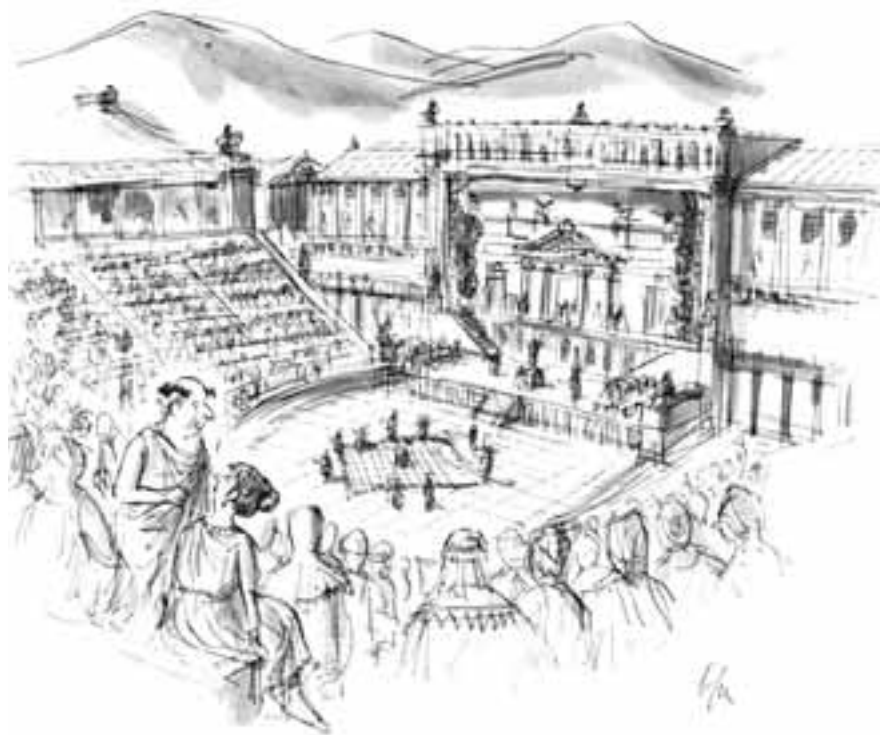


“The student and faculty of West Hall have sent me down to ask you to stop honking that horn. You’re disturbing classes.”



*"On second thought, Miss Marsh, I'll bite
the bullet. Book me coach."*





"Let's skip the epilogue and beat the crowd."

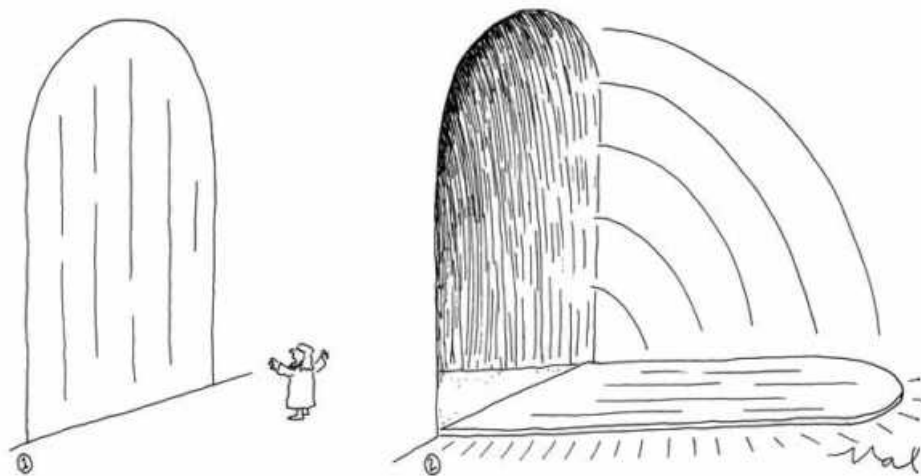


“Take one of these every four hours. If pain persists, see another doctor.”



“Well, is this it—the terminal argument?”



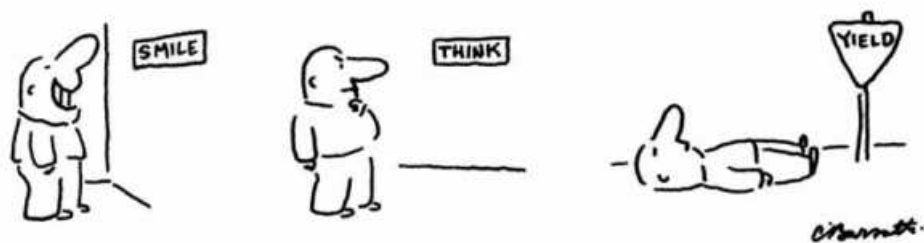


"Open sesame!"





“Again they tore your tattered ensign down, Mr. Kelso?”







“Call the photographers. I’m going out to romp with my dog.”





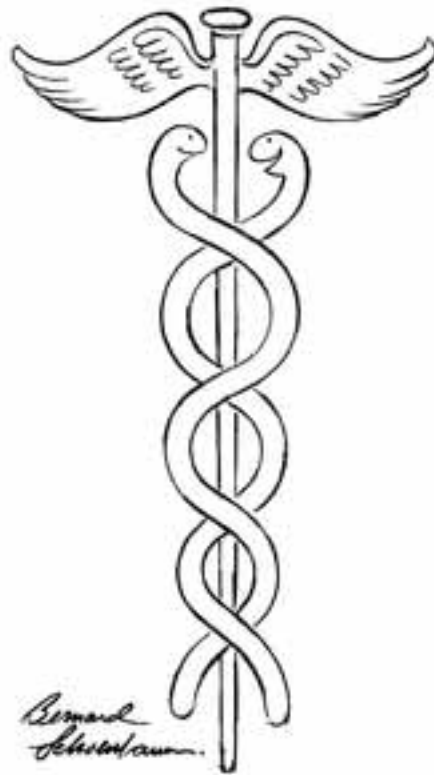
*"A word to the wise, Benton. Don't
squander your credibility."*



"Sweetie, I'm afraid I'm spaced out on Löwenbräu."



"I like it. It breaks up the monotony of your face."



"Fine, thanks. How are you?"



"Just thought I'd rest up before the season begins."







“And now listen to what ‘Consumer Reports’ has to say about your Model 1211 Electric Train: ‘Extremely noisy, poor rail grip on curves at even moderate speeds, offers only fair protection against shock, and displays an utter lack of historical accuracy in re-creating B. & O. circa 1890.’”





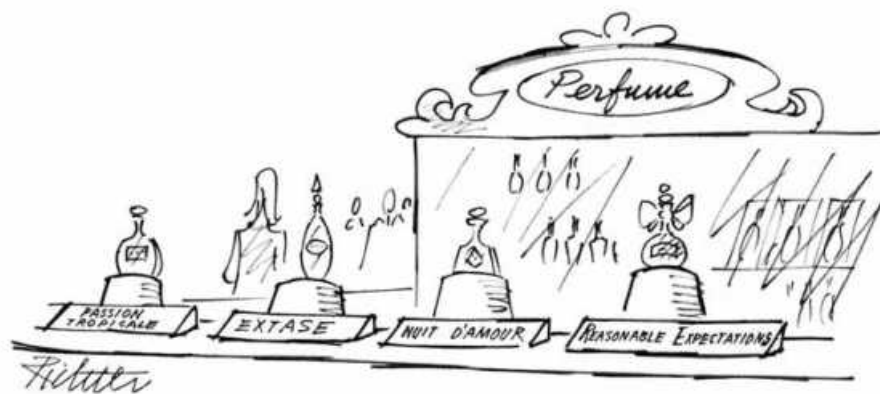
*"I ran into Mrs. Spencer today. She's giving
serious consideration to origami."*



*"I've called the family together to announce that, because of inflation,
I'm going to have to let two of you go."*



"I hereby pronounce you authorized personnel."





*“Pierce, of Bailey. Pierce & Kemp, may I
present Archer, of Howe, Archer, Groff & Seaberry?”*



*“There! There she is! Now go back to the agency
and write something for her!”*



“Look, public school’s not going to kill them. It might even give them a certain panache.”





"For my fireplace. A log."



*"When I said you were allowed one phone call,
I did not mean another obscene one."*



"You know what bugs me? Everybody I know is wizened."





“If you don’t honor American Express, Carte Blanche, or Master Charge, what, may I ask, do you honor?”



"I've lost the will to go home."



"Oh, good!"





"I'll be glad when the holidays are over."



“Sheldon, why don’t you ever leap up?”





"I hate to see her leaving childhood so soon. This year, she said 'The Nutcracker' was a bummer."

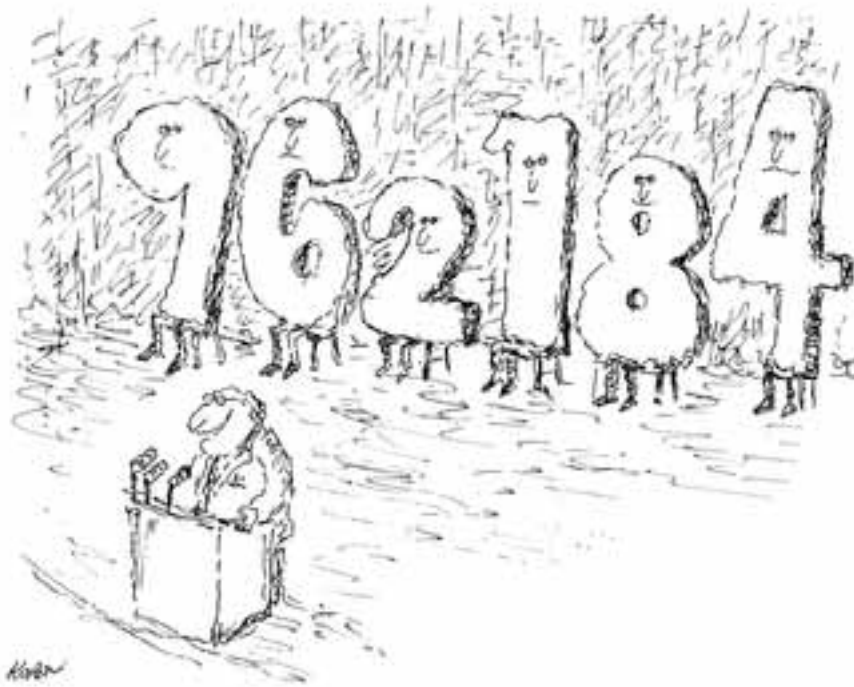


*“That happens to be the Master’s favorite chair,
and I, not you, am the Master.”*





"Angeline, guess what! I've chucked the Chairmanship of the Board and taken a job as piano player in a bordello."



"Tonight, we're going to let the statistics speak for themselves."



“Nothing for him, thanks. He’s going to stew in his own juice.”



"Burgess has enjoyed his evening paper as long as I've known him. It's only recently he's developed that graveyard laugh."

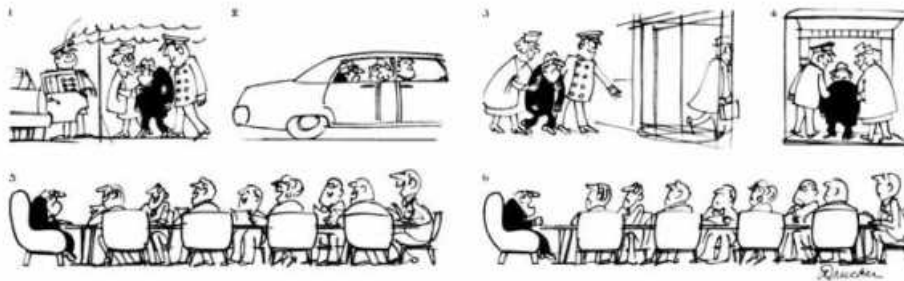


“Dynamite, Mr. Gerston! You’re the first person I ever heard use ‘paradigm’ in real life.”



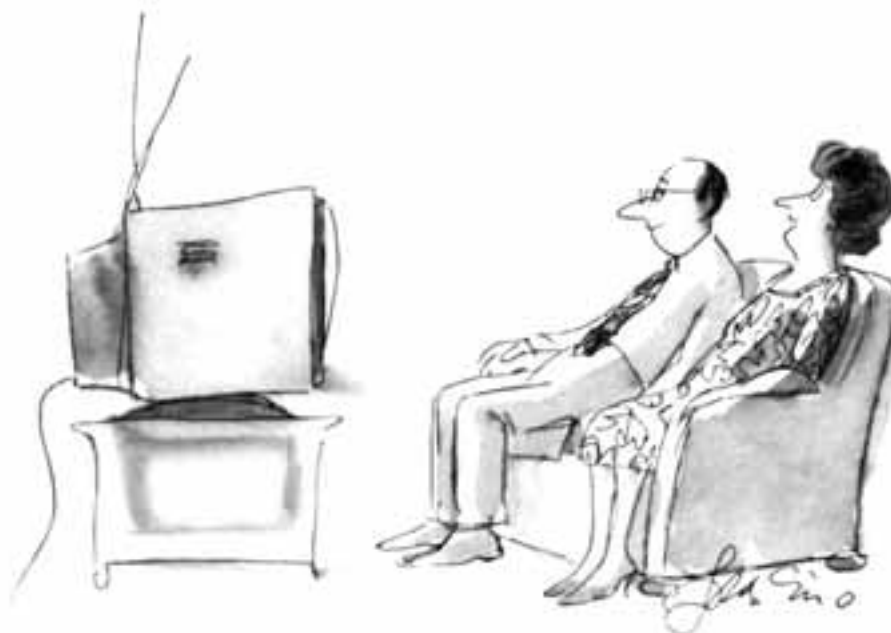
"Oh, baking. I love baking. So tactile!"





"No."





“Why don’t we have a battle of wits sometime?”





“Hardy, har, har, har! Hardy, har, har, har!”



“Then this maroon suitcase walks into Lord & Taylor, takes the escalator to the Country Shop, unwraps an egg-salad sandwich, and starts to cry.”



"Might I recommend the cud?"



"You're my right-hand man, Jackson. So get the hell over on my right."



“By and large, Mr. Barrington, the government is willing to take a citizen’s word on depreciation of office supplies.”





“On the afternoon of September fourth, nineteen sixty-nine, he had one for the road, and that was the last I ever saw of him.”

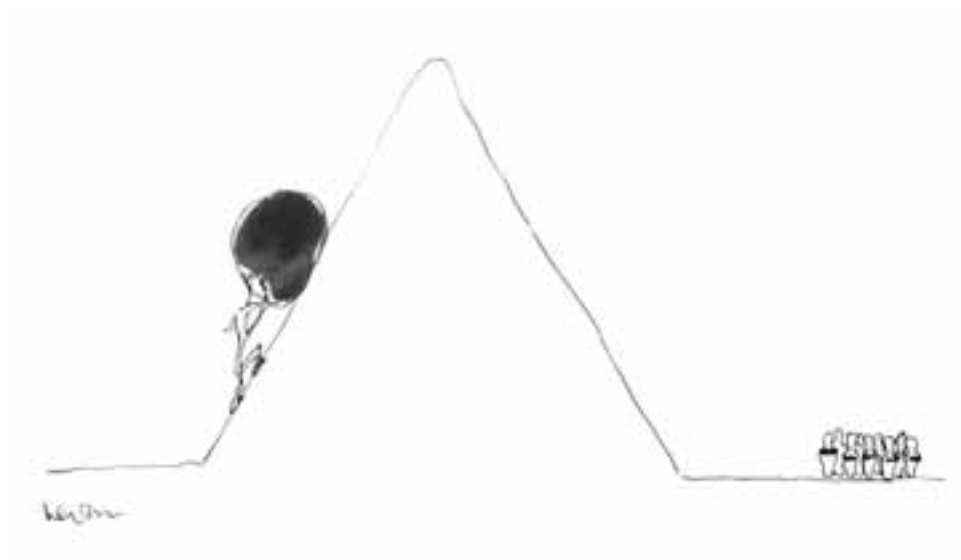




"Hey! That one's for me!"



"We can only hope, Guy, that when this economic thing is finally over, it will have made better admen of us all."





*“Dear Lord, bless our young people. Bless them
morally, mentally, financially. Bless them every
which way, O Lord!”*



“What do you mean, you’re tired and you want to go home? This is our party. You are home!”





“There’s something I’ve been meaning to discuss with you, Miriam. Roy Gillis asked me what our scene was, and I didn’t know what to answer.”



"Hallelujah! I'm a bum!"



“Quincy doesn’t condone anything.”





"I can't come tomorrow. Irving Wallace is stuck."





“What is there about Florida in winter?”



“Hi. Hildy Huffaker here with another Happy Hint for the Harried Housewife—‘A stitch in time saves nine.’ Well, that’s it. Bye till next time.”





"You used to be the same age as Joan Crawford."





*"It's been nice talking to you, and remember
me to your present wife."*



"Well, the first day of the rest of my life was rotten."





“Royal blue again! I hate royal blue.”



"Do you have three pennies?"



"No! I'll tell you something, Walter! That's not the way it is!"



“To meet the energy shortage as it applies to air-conditioning, the panes of glass are so designed that they can be moved up or down—at the occupant’s will—thus allowing fresh, cool air to enter the building when desired.”



“Set seven places for dinner, Sweetie. I brought home some friends.”



*“Just because you don’t think ’75 is going to be such a hot year
doesn’t mean we’re not going to usher it in, does it?”*



“What else did you bring me?”



*"We will now play for you a sprightly little tune,
which was once rather popular in the Occident,
called 'We're in the Money.'"*



"I'm afraid by the time I grow up it will be too late to be the first woman anything."



"They're laugh lines. I used to laugh a lot."



“You don’t think it’s too Christmassy?”









“Herb, this is my wife, Angela. Clairvoyance, telepathy, extrasensory perception—you name it, she’s got it.”





"All the powers that be being present and accounted for, let us begin."



“Something is rising out of the mulch.”



"A jeroboam and two magnums."



"If Ford wants to congratulate you, he'll call you."



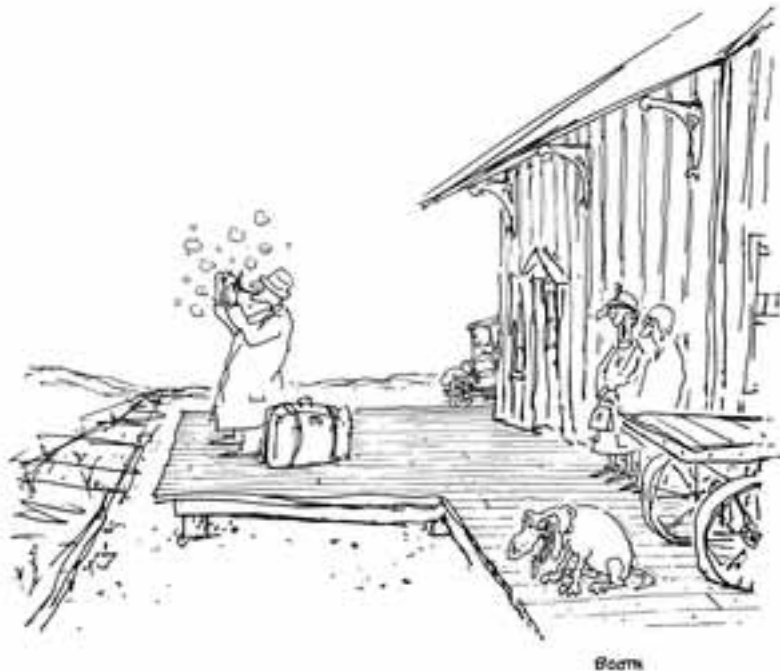
*“And when did you first notice that your
tummy was not behaving?”*



“Yes, our firm will be glad to explain the intricacies of the bankruptcy laws, but we first like to have, er, a little something in front.”



*“Quick! Is that the Earl of Sussex, the Duke of Essex,
the Earl of Essex, or the Duke of Sussex?”*



“Three years in a row, Hoot’s lespedeza went moldy. His chickens got sick and quit laying. He tried mixing his own anti-freeze and busted both tractor blocks. Then Coolidge, his favorite mule, slipped in the barn lot and died. It just seemed like one bad omen after another. So finally Hoot says, ‘It’s either shoot the cattle or run for Congress.’ Well, Hoot ain’t one to shoot animals, but you can bet your bottom dollar he’ll tell those other congressmen what’s what up there in Washington.”



"It seems like only yesterday I was O.K., you were O.K."



“Hello! We’re six characters in search of a children’s-book author.”



"I say Happy New Year and to hell with it!"



*“Do you ever have one of those days when
everything seems un-Constitutional?”*



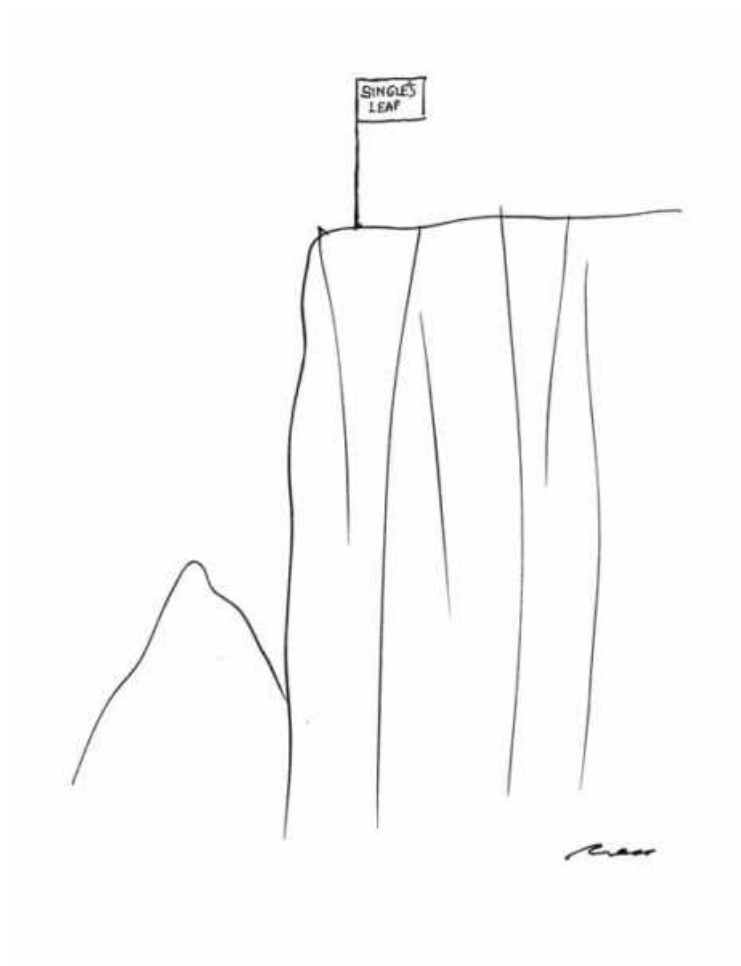
"The blues have been good to us, Binky."



*“Don’t disturb Daddy’s meditation, sweetheart, or you
will have to deal with Daddy’s anger.”*



*"I beg of you,
B. J., on bended
knee."*





*“What it comes down to, gentlemen, is this.
Do we prime the pump or man the pumps?”*









"Maura, I'm seriously considering changing my orbit."